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THE
OXFORD SONG BOOK

Vol. II

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED
BY

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INTRODUCTION

THIS VOLUME is intended to serve as a supplement to Dr. P. C. Buck's ' Oxford Song Book ', and the reasons for the publication of that collection as given in its preface apply equally for the publication of this. The Oxford Song Book may well be regarded as a standard collection of the best known British songs: those left for its companion volume will be slightly less familiar, but this I believe to be their only demerit.

In selecting material for this book I have perhaps explored a wider field than Dr. Buck wished to do, and have included here some songs now little known. This was to gratify no antiquarian lust, but to see if songs that had delighted an earlier age could be brought from their retirement to satisfy this one. I hope my optimism is well founded.

But the field I investigated was not only antiquarian. I wanted my selection to be a catholic one, with leanings towards robustness and conviviality. There is therefore a section devoted to Frivola, to solace those bored by the seventeenth century, and a collection of sea songs.

Like its predecessor, this collection is intended for a chorus rather than a soloist, a circumstance which explains the presence of so many rounds. These are the happiest fare for any body of singers, and incidentally the best possible introduction to part singing.

Again, like its predecessor, this collection is intended for the boy of all ages, compiled for his use while he is at his school, and even more for when he has left it. There is therefore (in the music edition) a last section of melodies only, apt for fiddling, fluting, and whistling. In the remoter parts of the earth, where pianos are rare, these traditional tunes will in themselves be enough to keep a man in touch with the spirit of the home country.

One of the most valuable features of the Oxford Song Book is the arrangement of the melody and accompaniment on two lines. In this way a mediocre pianist, called upon to accompany a chorus at sight, can lead them without grappling with the difficulties of a free part. That plan has been followed here. Withstanding all temptations, I have arranged each accompaniment so that it should support and help a chorus and yet be within the powers of any moderate player, while a good one can add what trimmings he likes; I ask him only to keep my basses.

The songs have been transposed so that only on rare occasions is D as a top note exceeded. This suits the usual baritone chorus: trebles will probably be in the position of having an expert at hand to transpose their music for them.

One last editorial comment. Most traditional songs exist in many forms, and often an editor finds he must make yet another before a song can give its full value to-day. I have never altered wantonly, but in some songs I have considered it necessary to omit verses or to change a phrase. A list of these trifles would be tedious: I have therefore added data giving not necessarily the earliest but preferably the most accessible source of the song. The purist can therefore examine the originals if he has the curiosity, or what is more vital, the time.

The copyright law makes it difficult to include folk songs in a collection of this kind, as most of these songs are now copyright.

Though I have tried in every case to go to original sources, I must pay every tribute (as anyone investigating National Song feels compelled to do) to the great work already done in this field by Mr. W. Chappell and the late Mr. Frank Kidson.

Every endeavour has been made to avoid the infringement of copyright, but if in any particular I have been guilty of this I have sinned in ignorance: it is not due to any lack of investigation.

Oxford, 1927 T. WOOD

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FOREWORD TO THE PIANIST

It is usual, in accompanying a song or chorus, to play something before the voices begin, and also something between the verses. This is a commendable custom, for the introduction both establishes the key (thereby helping the singers to keep in tune) and also enables the less timorous to begin with some 'attack', whilst an interval between the verses, however short, is often imperative in order that the performers may recover their breath. Such introductions and interludes are not provided in this book, but the pianist who finds difficulty in inventing them is advised to use for this purpose the music belonging to the last line of the words.

The slurs over notes of the melody are invariably intended to show that the notes included under the slur go to one syllable of *the words of the first verse*. In subsequent verses the singer must use his gumption in fitting in the text. The slurs in the left-hand part give a general invitation to play smoothly.

(From the *Oxford Song Book*)

I THE ANGLER'S SONG

KEY D (original key F)

Happily

mf

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

1

Man's life is but vain; for 'tis subject to pain,
And sorrow, and short as a bubble;
'Tis a hodge-podge of business, and money, and care,
And care, and money, and trouble.

2

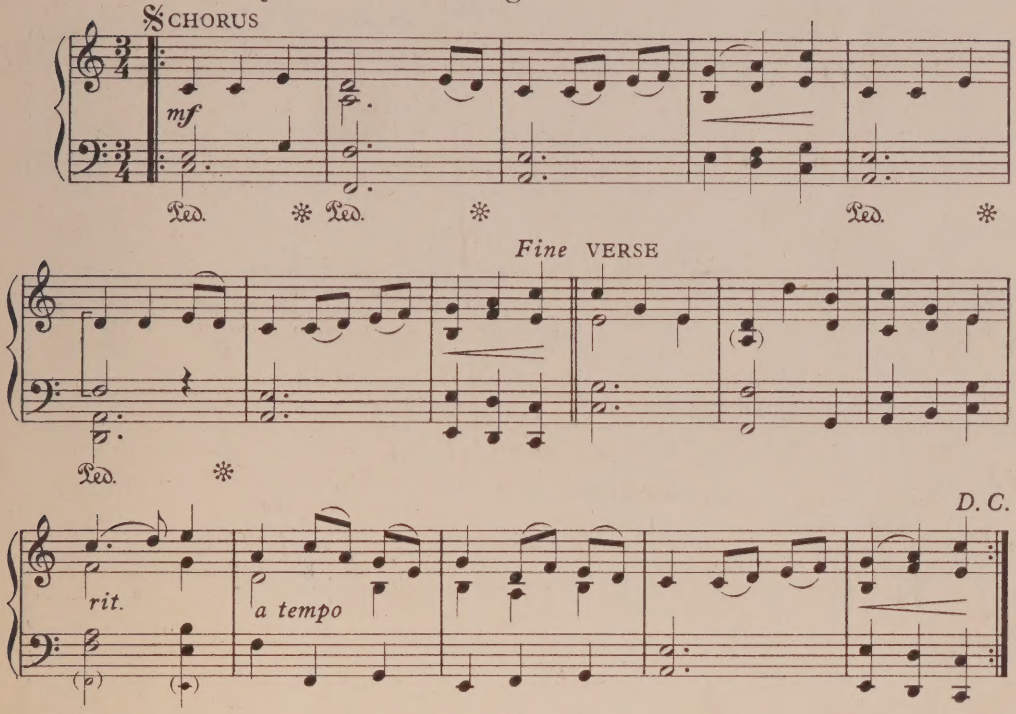
But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair,
Nor will we vex now though it rain;
We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow,
And angle, and angle again.

This is one of the many pleasant songs in Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*, 1653, 'set by Mr. H. Lawes'. It was arranged for two voices, tenor and bass, the latter printed upside down, so that the singers could sit facing each other and sing from the same book.

2 BANNOCKS O' BEAR-MEAL

KEY C

Boisterously and with a swing



1

Chorus Bannocks o' bear-meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley.
Verse Wha in a brulzie*
Will first cry a parley?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.
Chorus Bannocks o' bear-meal, etc.

2

Chorus Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.
Verse Wha in his wae-days
Were loyal to Charlie?
Wha but the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.
Chorus Bannocks o' bear-meal, etc.

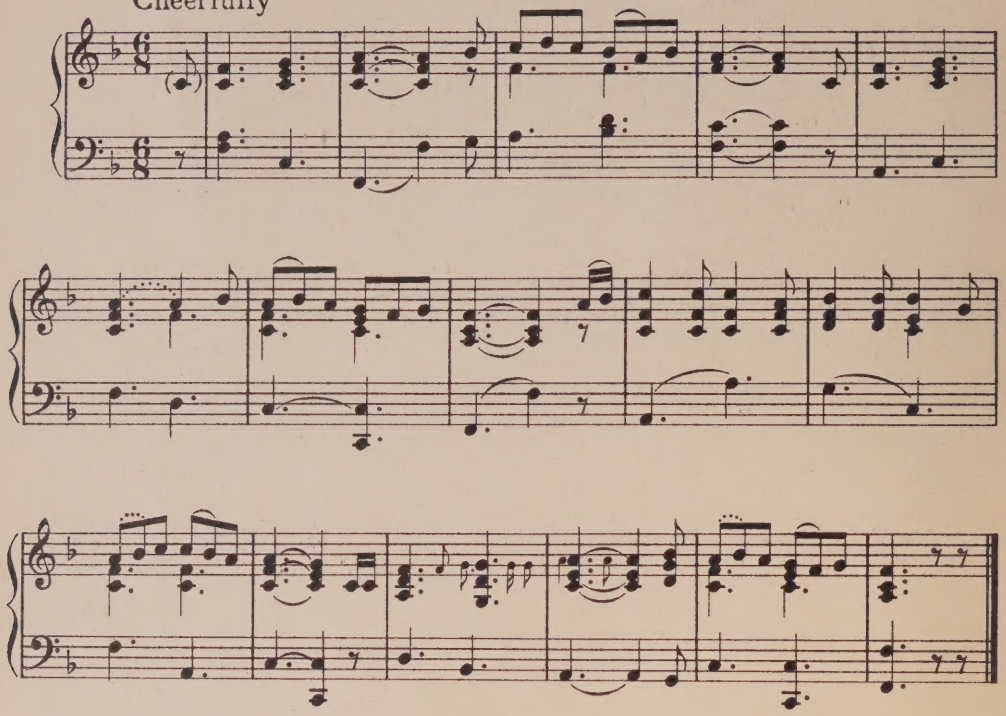
* brulzie – a fight

Words by Robert Burns, to an old tune in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790.

3 BEGONE, DULL CARE

KEY F

Cheerfully



1

Begone, dull care! I prithee begone from me!
Begone, dull care, you and I shall never agree.
Long time thou hast been tarrying here
And fain thou wouldst me kill,
But i' faith, dull care, thou
Never shall have thy will.

2

* Too much care will make a young man turn grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay;
My wife shall dance and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away.

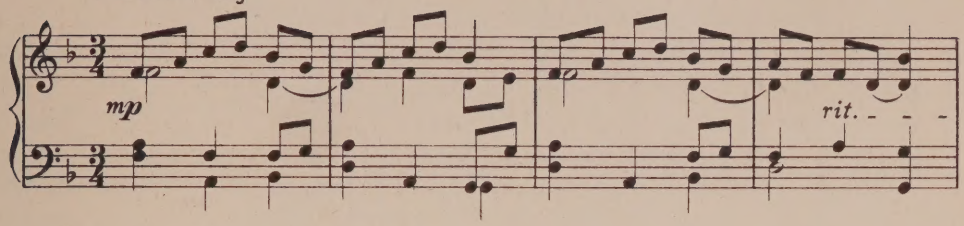
* *Begin on second bar.*

Words and tune in this form from *The Buck's Delight*, produced at Sadler's Wells in 1798. Reprinted by Wm. Chappell, 1855.

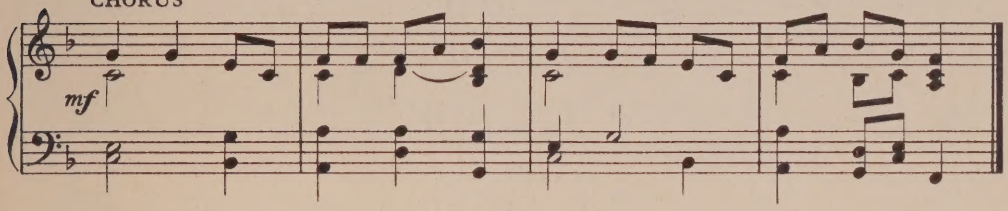
4 BUY BROOM BUZZEMS

KEY F

Persuasively



CHORUS



1

If you want a buzzem
For to sweep your hoose
Come to me, maw hinnies,
Ye may hae your choose.
Chorus Buy broom buzzems,
Buy them when they're new,
Fine heather bred 'uns,
Better never grew.

2

Buzzems for a penny,
Rangers for a plack;
If you winnot buy,
Aw'll tie them on my back.
Chorus Buy, etc.

3

If aw had a horse
Aw wad hev a cairt;
If aw had a wife
She wad tyek me pairt.
Chorus Buy, etc.

4

Had aw but a wife,
Aw care not what she be,
If she's but a woman
That's enuf for me.
Chorus Buy, etc.

5

If she liked a droppie
Her and I'd agree,
If she didn't like it
There's the mair for me.
Chorus Buy, etc.

Folk-song from the *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, edited by J. C. Bruce and John Stokoe, and published by the Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle-on-Tyne. 1882.

5 CHEVY CHASE

KEY D

With quiet beauty

mp

1
God prosper long our noble king,
  Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did
  In Chevy Chase befall.

2
The stout Earl of Northumberland
  A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
  Three summers' days to take;

3
The chiefest harts in Chevy-chase
  To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
  In Scotland where he lay:

4
Who sent Earl Percy present word,
  He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing that,
  Did to the woods resort.

5
With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
  All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
  To aim their shafts aright.

This is the best known of the old English ballads. The original (c. 1610) which is printed in Chappell's *National English Airs,* 1840, and in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,* describes at great length a quarrel over hunting rights between the Border families of Percy and Douglas. The version here given consists of a few verses only selected from the ballad. It was sung to various tunes, of which this one, known variously as *Chevy Chase, The New Rogero, Now ponder well, you parents dear,* and *The Children in the Wood,* is perhaps the most beautiful. The tune is probably older than the words.

6

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
  To view the slaughtered deer.
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promiséd
  This day to meet me here:

7

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
  His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
  All marching in our sight.

8

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
  Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
  Whose armour shone like gold.

9

Show me, said he, whose men you be,
  That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
  And kill my fallow-deer.

10

Ere thus I will out-bravéd be,
  One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
  Lord Percy, so am I.

11

Let thou and I the battle try,
  And set our men aside.
Accurst be he, Earl Percy said,
  By whom this is denied.

12

With that, there came an arrow keen
  Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
  A deep and deadly blow:

13

Who never spake more words than these,
  Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
  Lord Percy sees my fall.

14

This fight did last from break of day,
  Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
  The battle scarce was done.

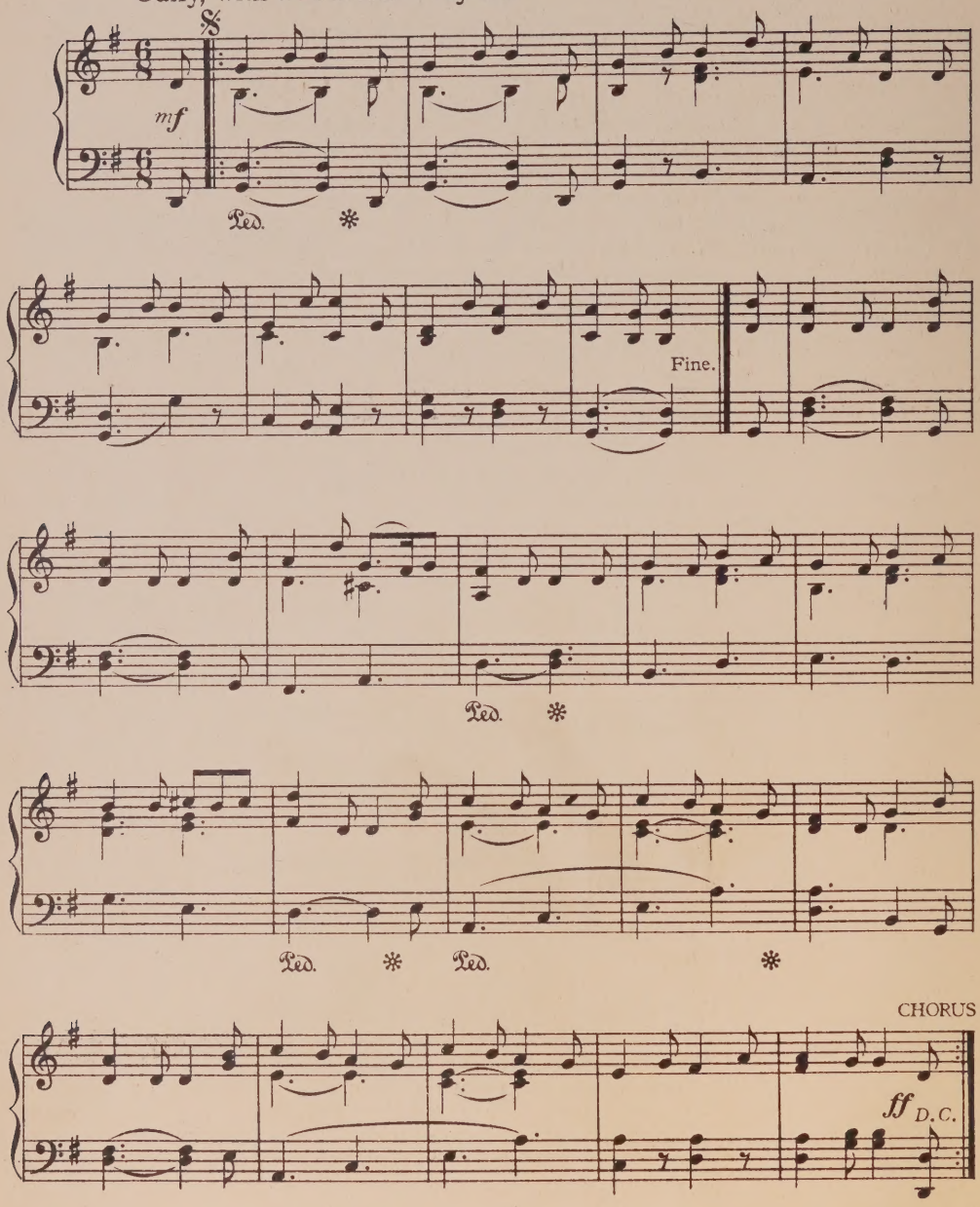
15

God save our king, and bless this land
  With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
  'Twixt noblemen may cease.

6 DARBY KELLY

KEY G

Gaily, with well marked rhythm



Air by John Whitaker, 1776–1847, words from a broadside in the Firth collection, Bodleian Library. Everyone, in the chorus, should roll his r's enthusiastically.

1

My grandsire beat a drum so neat,
His name was Darby Kelly, O!
No lad so true at rat-tat-too,
At roll call or reveille, O!
When Marlb'ro's fame first raised his name,
My grandad beat the point of war;
At Blenheim he, at Ramillie,
Made ears to tingle near and far;
For with his wrist, he'd such a twist,
The girls would cheer, you don't know how,
They laughed and cried, and sighed and died,
To hear him beat the row, dow, dow,
Chorus With a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow!
To hear him beat the row, dow, dow!
They laughed and cried, and sighed and died,
To hear him beat the row, dow, dow!

2

A son he had, which was my dad,
As brisk a lad as any, O!
You e'er would know, tho' you should go
From Chester to Kilkenny, O!
When great Wolfe died, his country's pride,
To arms my dapper father beat;
Each dale and hill remembers still
How loud, how long, how strong, how neat.
With each drumstick he had the trick,
The girls would cheer, you don't know how,
Their eyes would glisten, their ears would listen,
To hear him beat the row, dow, dow,
Chorus With a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow!
To hear him beat the row, dow, dow,
They laughed and cried, and sighed and died,
To hear him beat the row, dow, dow!

3

Ere I did wed, ne'er be it said,
But that the foe I dared to meet,
With Wellington, old Erin's son,
I helped to make them both retreat.
King Arthur once, or I'm a dunce,
Was called the hero of the age;
But what's he been to him we've seen,
The Arthur of the modern page?
For by the powers, from Lisbon's bowers,
He trophies bore to grace his brow,
He made Nap prance right out of France,
With his English, Irish, row, dow, dow,
Chorus With a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow!
His English, Irish, row, dow, dow!
His row, dow, dow, his row, dow, dow,
His English, Irish, row, dow, dow!

7 THE DUMB WIFE

KEY F MINOR

Briskly

mf

Last verse

Ped. *

* *If or when the singers know the tune, the repeated notes in these bars need not be played.*

1

There was a bonny Blade
  Had marryed a country maid,
And safely conducted her home, home, home,
  She was neat in ev'ry part,
  And she pleased him to the heart,
But ah! and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

2

She was bright as the day
  And brisk as the May
And as round and as plump as a plum, plum, plum.
  But still the silly swain
  Could do nothing but complain,
Because that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

Words and Music from Thomas D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 6 vols., 1698-1719, a famous collection of all types of song. There is a tradition, which might be respected, that this song should be sung with a strong South Lancashire accent.

3

She could brew and she could bake,
  She could sew and she could make,
She could sweep out the house with a broom,broom, broom,
  She could wash and she could wring,
  And do any kind of thing
But ah! and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

4

To the doctor then he went
  For to give himself content
And to cure his wife of the mum, mum, mum.
  'O! 'tis the easiest part
  That belongs unto my art,
For to make a woman speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb.'

5

So the doctor he did bring
  And he cut her chattering string,
And at liberty he set her tongue, tongue, tongue,
  Her tongue began to walk
  And she began to talk,
As though she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

6

Her faculty she tries
  And she filled the house with noise,
And she rattled in his ears like a drum, drum, drum.
  She bred a deal of strife—
  Made him weary of his life —
He'd give anything again she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

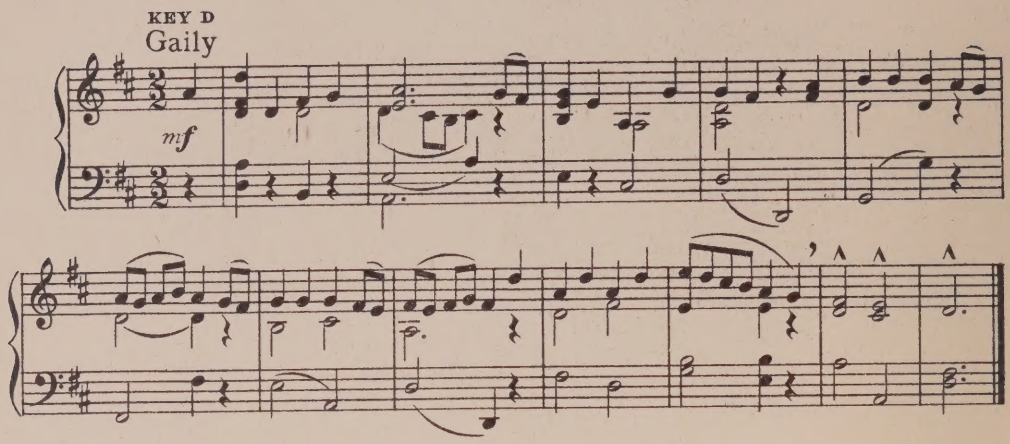
7

To the doctor then he goes
  And thus he vents his woes—
'Oh! doctor, you have me undone, done, done,
  For my wife she's turned a scold
  And her tongue can never hold,
I'd give any kind of thing if she was dumb,dumb, dumb.'

8

'When I did undertake
  To make thy wife to speak,
It was a thing quite easily done, done, done;
  But 'tis past the art of man,
  Let him do whate'er he can,
For to make a Scolding Wife hold her Tongue, Tongue, Tongue.'

8 GOOD MORROW, GOSSIP JOAN



1
Good morrow, Gossip Joan,
Where have you been a-walking?
I have for you, at home, *(twice)*
A budget full of talking, Gossip Joan.

2
My sparrow's flown away,
And will no more come to me;
I've broke a glass to-day, *(twice)*
The price will quite undo me, Gossip Joan.

3
I've lost a Harry Groat,
'Twas left me by my granny;
I cannot find it out, *(twice)*
I've searched in every cranny, Gossip Joan.

4
I've lost my wedding ring,
That was made of silver gilded;
I had drink would please a king, *(twice)*
But the cat has spilled it, Gossip Joan.

5
My pocket is cut off,
That was full of sugar-candy;
I cannot stop my cough *(twice)*
Without a gill of brandy, Gossip Joan.

6
Let's to the ale-house go,
And wash down all our sorrow;
My griefs you there shall know, *(twice)*
And we'll meet again to-morrow, Gossip Joan.

Words and tune from Thomas D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1719, but both are obviously older.

9 HARVEST HOME

KEY E♭

Heartily, with an easy swing

mf

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

Repeat in Chorus

f

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

1

Our oats they are hoed, and our barley's reaped,
Our hay it is mowed, and our hovels heaped.
Come, boys, come, come, boys, come,
And merrily roar out Harvest Home!
Chorus Harvest Home! Harvest Home!
We'll merrily roar out Harvest Home!

2

We've cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again;
For why should the blockhead have one in ten?
One in ten; one in ten;
For why should the blockhead have one in ten?
Chorus One in ten, etc.

3

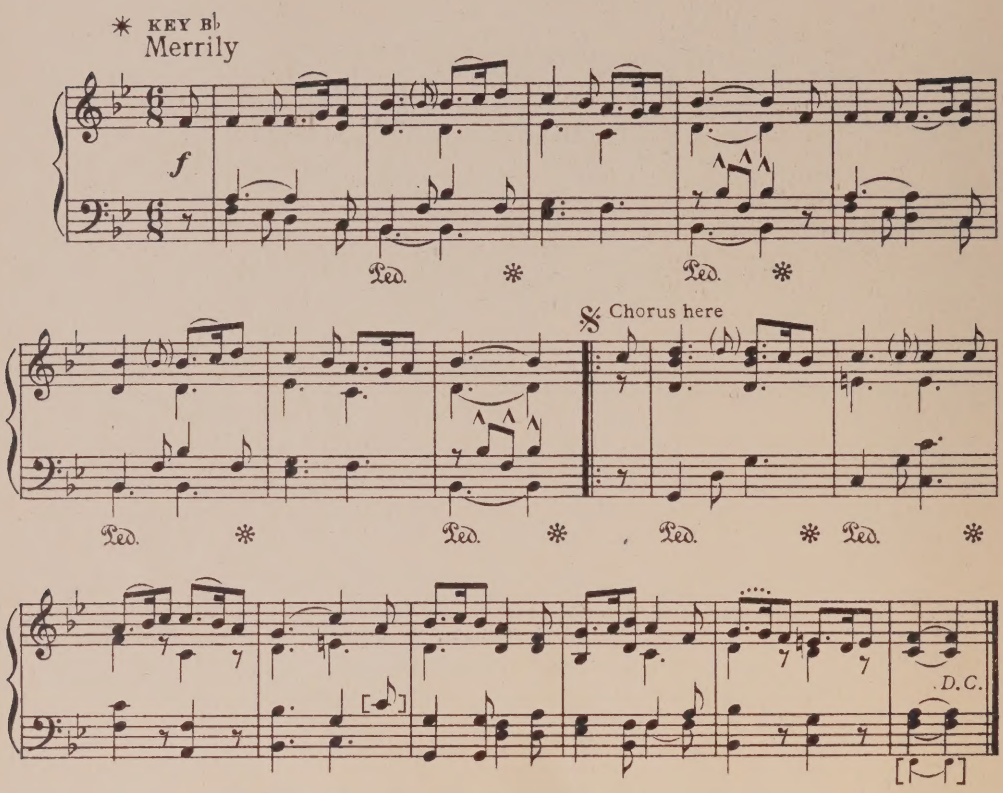
For preaching while dinner is cold and hot,
And pudding and dumpling are burnt to the pot?
Burnt to pot, burnt to pot,
And pudding and dumpling are burnt to the pot?
Chorus Burnt to pot, etc.

4

We'll drink off our liquor while we can stand,
And hey for the honour of Old England!
Old England, Old England;
And hey for the honour of Old England!
Chorus Old England, etc.

From the opera *King Arthur,* 1691, by Henry Purcell and John Dryden. This version of the words is from W. Sandys' *Festive Songs,* 1856.

10 HEY FOR SOMERSETSHIRE



I

In summer time when flowers do spring
And birds sit on a tree,
Let lords and knights say what they will,
There's none so merry as we.
There's Will and Moll,
And Harry and Doll,
With Bryan and bonny Betty,
Oh how we do skip it, trample and trip it
Under the greenwood tree.
Chorus In summer time when flowers do spring
And birds sit on a tree,
Let lords and knights say what they will,
There's none so merry as we.

This tune is *Sellinger's* (i.e. *St. Leger's*) *Round*, or *The beginning of the World*, one of the most famous of all Elizabethan melodies. The original words cannot be traced, but the verses given here (abridged from a black-letter ballad in the Douce collection, Bodleian Library, Oxford) were directed to be sung to this tune, and suit it very well.

* In this and other modal tunes the nearest modern key has been given, and not the mode.

2

Our music is a twicë-pipe
  That can so sweetly play,
We hire Old Hal from Whitsuntide
  Till latter Lammas-day.
On Sabbath days
And holy days
  At evening time comes he—
And then we do skip it, trample and trip it
  Under the greenwood tree.
Chorus In summer time when flowers do spring, etc.

3

'Come play us Adam and Eve,' says Dick,
  'What's that?' says Hal the pipe.
'The Beginning o' the World' quoth Dick
  'For we are dancing ripe.'
'Is't that you call?
Than have at all!'
  He played with a merry glee,—
Oh then we do skip it, trample and trip it
  Under the greenwood tree.
Chorus In summer time when flowers do spring, etc.

4

In comes our Gaffer Underwood
  And sets him on a bench,
His wife and daughter Ne'r-be-Good,
  That pretty roundfaced wench.
There's neighbour Chuck
And Habakkuk
  They all came there to see—
Oh how we do skip it, trample and trip it
  Under the greenwood tree.
Chorus In summer time when flowers do spring, etc.

5

From thence we go to Sir William's ground,
  And a rich old cub is he,
And there we dance a round, a round,
  But Devil a penny we see:
From thence we go
To Somerset
  Where men be frolick and free,—
And there do we skip it, trample and trip it
  Under the greenwood tree.
Chorus In summer time when flowers do spring, etc.

6

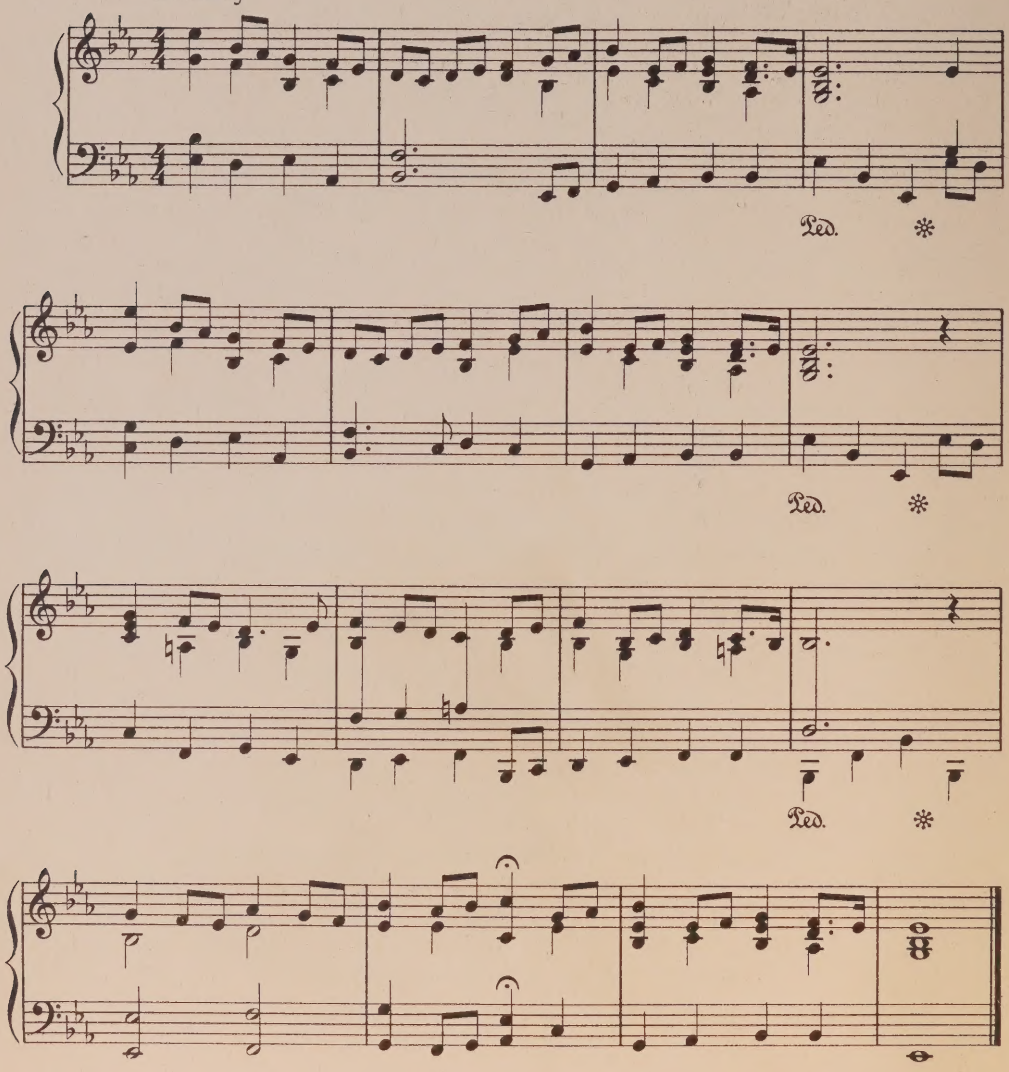
We fear no plots of Jews or Scots,
  For we are jolly swains,
With plow and cow and Barley Mow
  We busy all our brains.
No city cares
Nor merchants' fears
  Of wrecks or piracy,—
And so we do skip it, trample and trip it
  Under the greenwood tree.
Chorus In summer time when flowers do spring, etc.

II THE HUNTER IN HIS CAREER

When sung by treble voices only, the song should be transposed into F.

KEY E♭

Briskly



Words and tune about 1630, reprinted in W. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time,* 1855.

1

Long ere the morn expects the return
  Of Apollo from the ocean queen,
Before the croak of the crow and the break
  Of the day in the welkin seen,
Mounted he'd halloo, and cheerfully follow
  To the chase with his bugle clear,
Echo doth he make and the mountains shake
  With the thunder of his career.

2

Now bonny bay in his foine waxeth grey;
  Dapple-grey waxeth bay in his blood;
White-Lady stoops with the scent in her chaps
  And Black-Lady makes it good.
Poor silly Wat his wretched state
  Forgets these delights for to hear,
Nimbly she bounds from the cry of the hounds,
  And the music of their career.

3

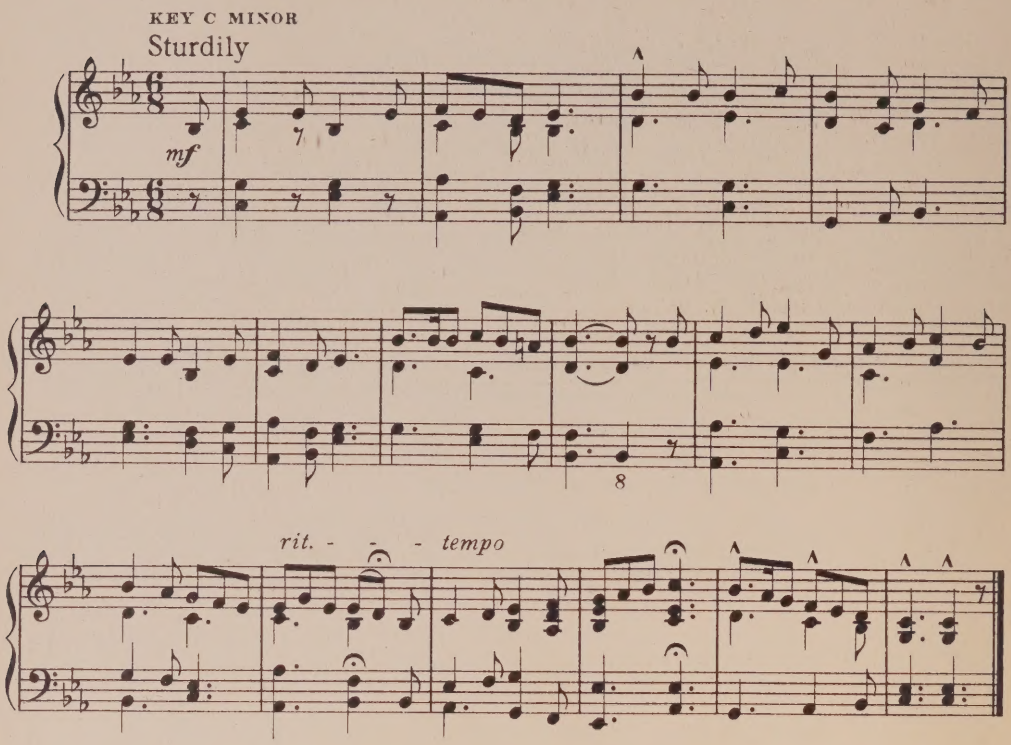
Hills with the heat of the gallopers' sweat
  Reviving their frozen tops;
And the dale's purple flowers that droop from the showers
  That down from the rowels drop.
Swains their repast and strangers their haste
  Neglect when the horns they do hear;
To see a fleet pack of hounds in a sheet,
  And the hunter in his career.

4

Thus he careers, over heaths, over meres,
  Over deeps, over downs, over clay;
Till he hath won the moon from the morn,
  And the evening from the day.
His sport then he ends, and joyfully wends
  Home again to his cottage, where
Frankly he feasts himself and his guests,
  And carouses in his career.

foine, skin.

12 IN THORNEY WOODS IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE



1

In Thorney Woods in Buckinghamshire,
Right fol-lol-de li-de O,
Three keepers' houses stood three square,
Fol-de-rol lol de ri da.
Three keepers' houses stood three square,
About a mile from each other they were
In order to look after the deer.
Fol-de-rol, rol-de-rol li-do.

2

I and my dogs went out one night,
Right fol-lol-de li-de O,
The moon and stars they shone so bright,
Fol-de-rol lol de ri da.
O'er hedges, ditches, gates and stiles
With my two dogs close at my heels
To look for a buck in Parkmoor fields.
Fol-de-rol, etc.

The *fol-de-rols* may be sung in chorus, with the rest of the verse as solo.

Sussex folk-song, from the collection made by the Rev. J. Broadwood, 1843.

3

The very first night I had bad luck,
  Right fol-lol-de li-de O,
For my very best dog in the breast got stuck,
  Fol-de-rol lol de ri da.
He came to me so limping lame,
He was not able to follow the game,
How sorry was I to see the same.
  Fol-de-rol, etc.

4

I searched his wounds and found them slight,
  Right fol-lol-de li-de O,
'Twas done by the keeper out of spite,
  Fol-de-rol lol de ri da.
I took my pikestaff in my hand
And ranged the woods to find out the man,
To see whether I his hide could tan.
  Fol-de-rol, etc.

5

When I had ranged all that night,
  Right fol-lol-de li-de O,
Until the next morning it was daylight,
  Fol-de-rol lol de ri da.
When I had ranged all that night
Until the next morning it was daylight
I thought it high time to take my flight.
  Fol-de-rol, etc.

6

Then I went home and went to bed,
  Right fol-lol-de li-de O,
And limping Jack went in my stead,
  Fol-de-rol lol de ri da.
In Parkmoor Fields oh! there he found
A brave fat buck running over the ground,
And my two dogs soon pulled him down.
  Fol-de-rol, etc.

7

I listened awhile to hear their note,
  Right fol-lol-de li-de O,
Jack drew a quivvy and cut his throat,
  Fol-de-rol lol de ri da.
How you'd have laughed to see limping Jack
Come hopping along with a buck at his back,
And hide it under the miller's haystack.
  Fol-de-rol, etc.

8

Now sessions are over, assizes are near,
  Right fol-lol-de li-de O,
Now Jack and I we must appear,
  Fol-de-rol lol de ri da.
Your bucks and does may range so free
But hares and rabbits they are for me,
A poacher's life is the life for me.
  Fol-de-rol, etc.

13 JOHNNIE COPE

KEY E MINOR

With irony and a good swing.

mf

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

✳

CHORUS

f

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

✳

The singer must be prepared for the big jump, characteristic of many Scottish tunes at ✳ Ped. ✻

Words and tune from Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, with additional verses from Joseph's *Scotish Songs*, 1794. Sir John Cope was Commander-in-Chief in Scotland when the rebellion broke out in 1745, and was defeated at Prestonpans.

1

Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar:
'O, Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
And I'll learn ye the art o' war,
Gin ye'll meet me in the morning.'
Chorus Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?
If ye were waukin', I wad wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

2

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from:
'Come, follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning.'
Chorus Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

3

'Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word,
Come, let us try baith fire and sword;
And dinna rin like a frighted bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning.'
Chorus Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

4

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thocht it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness
To flee away i' the morning.
Chorus Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

5

'Fye, Johnnie, now get up and rin,
The Highland bag-pipes mak' a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.'
Chorus Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

6

When Johnnie Cope to Berwick cam',
They speer'd at him, 'Where's a' your men?'
'The deil confound me, gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning!'
Chorus Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

gin, if. waukin, awake. speer, ask.

14 THE JOLLY BROOM MAN

KEY E♭

Pleasantly and easily: not too fast

SOLO

mf

CHORUS SOLO

f *mf*

CHORUS SOLO

f *mf*

There was an auld man and he lived in the West,
And his trade was the cutting of broom, *(Chorus)* green broom,
And he had a lazy lad, whose name it was Jack,
Who'd lie in his bed till noon, *(Chorus)* till noon,
Who'd lie in his bed till noon.

2

The auld man arose, and to his son goes,
And swore he would fire the room, *(Chorus)* the room,
If Jack wouldna rise and sharp up his knives,
And go to the wood to cut broom, *(Chorus)* green broom,
And go to the wood to cut broom.

Old tune printed in D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth,* 1719: this version of the words from the *Northumbrian Minstrelsy,* 1882.

3

Then Jack he arose, and put on his clothes,
He banned and he swore, and did fume, *(Chorus)* did fume,
To think that he should, with his breeding so good,
Be doomed all his life to cut broom, *(Chorus)* green broom,
Be doomed all his life to cut broom.

4

So Jack he passed on to the Greenwood alone,
Till he came to a castle of gloom, *(Chorus)* grey gloom,
He rapped at the yett where'er he could beat,
Crying 'Maids, will you buy my green broom, *(Chorus)* green broom,
Crying 'Maids, will you buy my green broom?'

5

A lady on high did him then espy,
And marvelling much at his bloom, *(Chorus)* bright bloom,
She called on her maid to use all her speed,
And bring up the youth with his broom, *(Chorus)* green broom,
And bring up the youth with his broom.

6

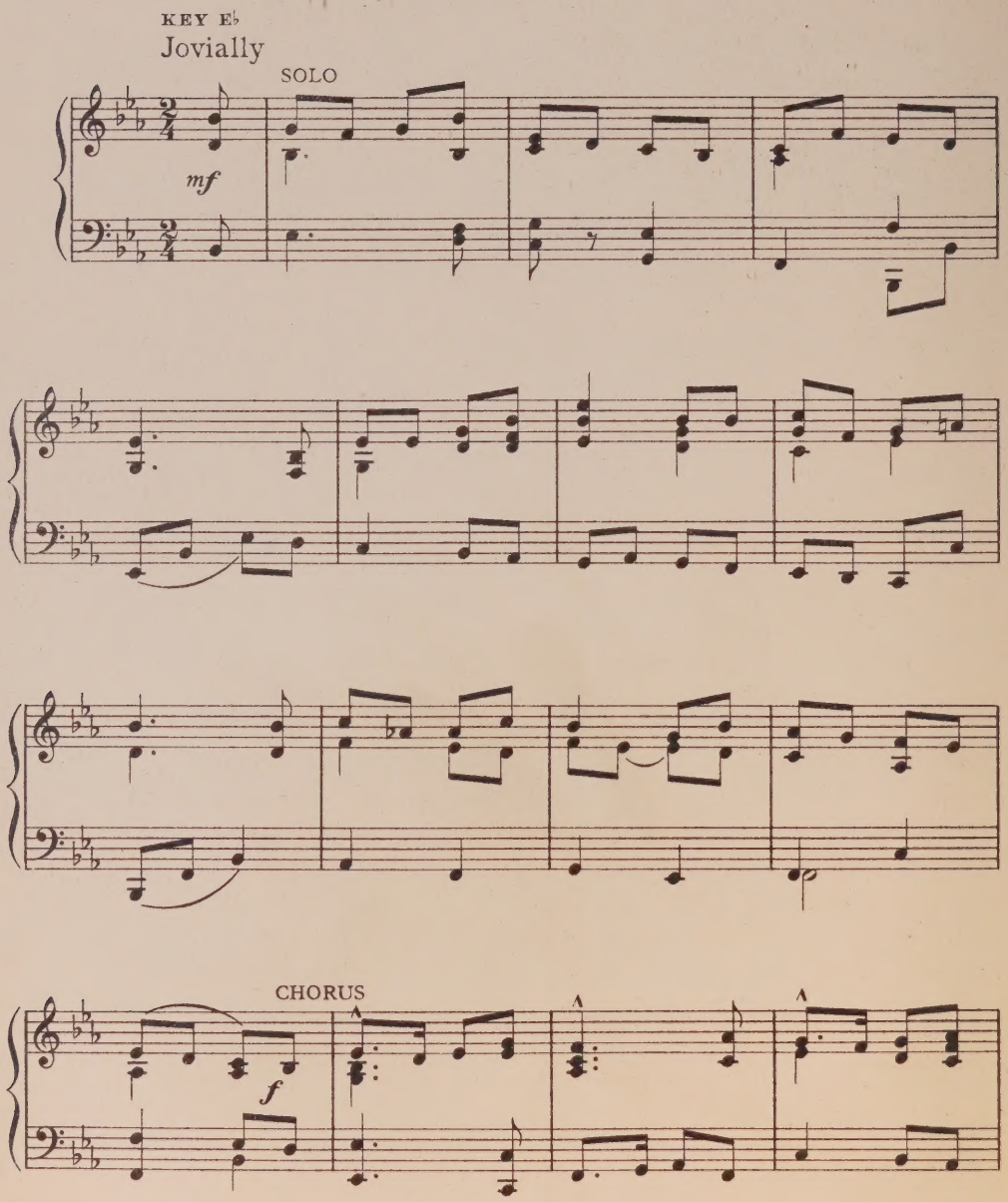
Jack climbed the dark stair without dread or fear,
Till he came to this fair lady's room, *(Chorus)* fine room,
With courtesy kind he pleased so her mind,
She arled him there for her groom, *(Chorus)* bridegroom,
She arled him there for her groom.

7

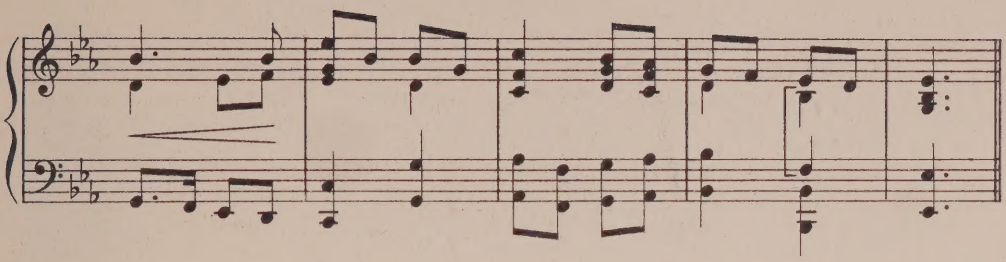
Now all ye broom cutters that live in the West,
Pray call at the castle of gloom, *(Chorus)* grey gloom,
There's both meat and drink, lads, and what do you think?
No trade like the cutting o' broom, *(Chorus)* green broom,
No trade like the cutting o' broom.

To ban, to curse. yett, a gate. arl, to ask.

15 THE JOLLY WAGGONER



This version of words and tune contributed by the late Mr Frank Kidson, M.A.



1

When first I went a-waggoning, a-waggoning did go,
I filled my parents' hearts full of sorrow, grief and woe,
And many were the hardships that I did undergo.
Chorus Sing wo, my lads, gee wo, drive on, my lads, I ho!
Who would not lead the life of a jolly waggoner.

2

It is a cold and stormy night and I'm wet to the skin,
But I'll bear it with contentment till I get to the inn:
And there I will sit drinking with the landlord and his friend.
Chorus Sing wo, etc.

3

Now summer is a-coming, what pleasure we shall see,
The small birds they are singing high up on every tree,
The blackbirds and the thrushes are whistling in the grove.
Chorus Sing wo, etc.

4

Now Michaelmas is coming, what pleasure we shall find,
It'll make the gold to fly, my boys, like chaff before the wind,
And every lad shall take his lass and set her on his knee.
Chorus Sing wo, etc.

16 THE KERRY RECRUIT

KEY G

Breezily

SOLO

mf

rit.

CHORUS

f *a tempo*

Ped. ✻

1

One fine morning in May I was tilling the land
With me hat on me head and me spade in me hand,
When says I to meself, ''Tis a pity to see
A young fellow like me digging spuds in Tralee!'
Chorus Kerry-i-ay, fol-lol-de-rol-lay,
Kerry-i-ay, fol-lol-de-rol-lay.

2

So I *buttered me brogues and shook hands with me spade
And I off to the Fair like a sporting young blade,
When up comes a Sergeant and axed me to 'list—
Sergeant O' Grath shoves a bob in me fist.
Chorus Kerry-i-ay, etc.

3

He tipped me a shilling, and said he'd no more,
If I'd come to Headquarters he'd give me a score,
'Headquarters?' says I, 'Yerrah! Sergeant, good-bye,
Faith I'll not be quartered for fear I might die!'
Chorus Kerry-i-ay, etc.

*To make them smart and shiny.

Traditional South Irish Song, kindly contributed by Lady Coghill, Castle Townsend, Kerry, and Mr. N. H. K. A. Coghill, of Exeter College, Oxford.

4

'Yerrah! Paddy, be aisy, why can't you abide?
Headquarter's the place where we all do reside.'
I soon found his meaning and went with good grace
To take up my quarters in that Royal Place.
Chorus Kerry-i-ay, etc.

5

Then up came the Captain, a man of great fame,
He axed me me country, I tould him me name,
I ups with me story and tould him again
That me father and mother was both Kerry men.
Chorus Kerry-i-ay, etc.

6

The first thing they gave me, it was a red coat,
With a strip of black leather to tie round me throat,
They gave me a queer thing, I axed them 'What's that?'
'Wisha!*Honea ma diaoul! a cockade for your hat!'
Chorus Kerry-i-ay, etc.

7

The next thing they gave me, it was a big gun,
And under the trigger they put my first thumb,
And first she spits fire, and then she spits smoke,
With a noise like great thunder me shoulder she broke.
Chorus Kerry-i-ay, etc.

8

The next thing they gave me, it was a white horse,
With saddle and bridle me two legs across,
I gave her the whip and I gave her the steel,
Sure, Honea ma dioul! she ran down like an eel!
Chorus Kerry-i-ay, etc.

9

The first place they brought me was down to the say,
On board a big ship bound for the Cri-me-ay,
Three sticks in the middle all covered with sheet,
Sure, she walks through the water without any feet.
Chorus Kerry-i-ay, etc.

10

One morning we landed at Balaclava, all sound,
Both wet, cold and hungry we lay on the ground,
Next morning for action the bugle did call
And we made a hot breakfast off powder and ball.
Chorus Kerry-i-ay, etc.

11

But the shots was so thick and the day was so hot,
That I lay in the trenches for fear I'd be shot,
And oft did I think of me mam all alone
And the fun I had digging pittayties at home.
Chorus Kerry-i-ay, etc.

12

Now me five years are over, thank God it's not tin,
I'll go back to old Ireland and dig praties agin,
And I'll butter me brogues and shake hands with me spade,
For I find that this fighting's the Divil's own trade.
Chorus Kerry-i-ay, etc.

* i.e., Go to the Devil.

17 LORD WILLOUGHBY

D MINOR

In march time

f

in *8ves*

Ped. ✻

(or G) (or ♮)

mp

without *8ves*

ff

8ves

If the song is considered too long for practical purposes, verses marked ✻ may be omitted.

This noble tune was a great favourite about 1590, and appears in the Fitzwilliam Book, c. 1612, Thomas Robinson's *Scoole of Musicke,* 1603, and two collections still in manuscript. The versions differ slightly, and the one given above is the tune as it was probably sung.

The words given here are abridged and slightly altered from a black-letter ballad in the Douce collection, Bodleian Library, but they are printed in full in several places, notably the Percy Reliques.

The ballad, like most of its kind, is a little imaginative, but Sir John Norris, (and possibly Lord Willoughby), did make a gallant and successful retreat with only 1000 men, through the whole Spanish army.

Lord Willoughby of Eresby commanded the English troops who fought in the Low Countries in 1587.

1

The fifteenth day of July
With glistering spear and shield
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field.
The most courageous officers
Were English captains three,
But the bravest man in battle
Was brave Lord Willoughby.

2

*The next was captain Norris,
A valiant Man was he;
The other, captain Turner,
From field would never flee:
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas, there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then
Upon the Flanders shore.

3

'Stand to it, noble pike-men,
And look you round about,
And shoot you right, you bow-men,
And we will keep them out.
You musket and caliver men,
Do you prove true to me—
I'll be the foremost man in fight,'
Says brave Lord Willoughby.

4

And then the gallant enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most manfully
Not doubting to prevail:
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most pitiously to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

5

The sharp steel pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did flie,
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously:
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee;
They feared the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

6

Then quoth the Spanish General,
'Come, let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiléd all,
If that we longer stay.
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby,
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in Hell!'

7

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously,
And rout their forces quite.
Till at the last they gave a shout
Which echoed through the sky,
'God and St. George for England!'
The conquerors did cry.

8

*This news was brought to England,
With all the speed may be,
And told unto our gracious Queen,
Of this same victory;
'O, this is brave Lord Willoughby
My love hath ever won,
Of all the lords of honour,
'Tis he great feats has done.'

9

*For soldiers that were maiméd
And wounded in the fray,
The Queen allowed a pension
Of eighteen-pence a day;
Besides all cost and charges
She quit and set them free;
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

10

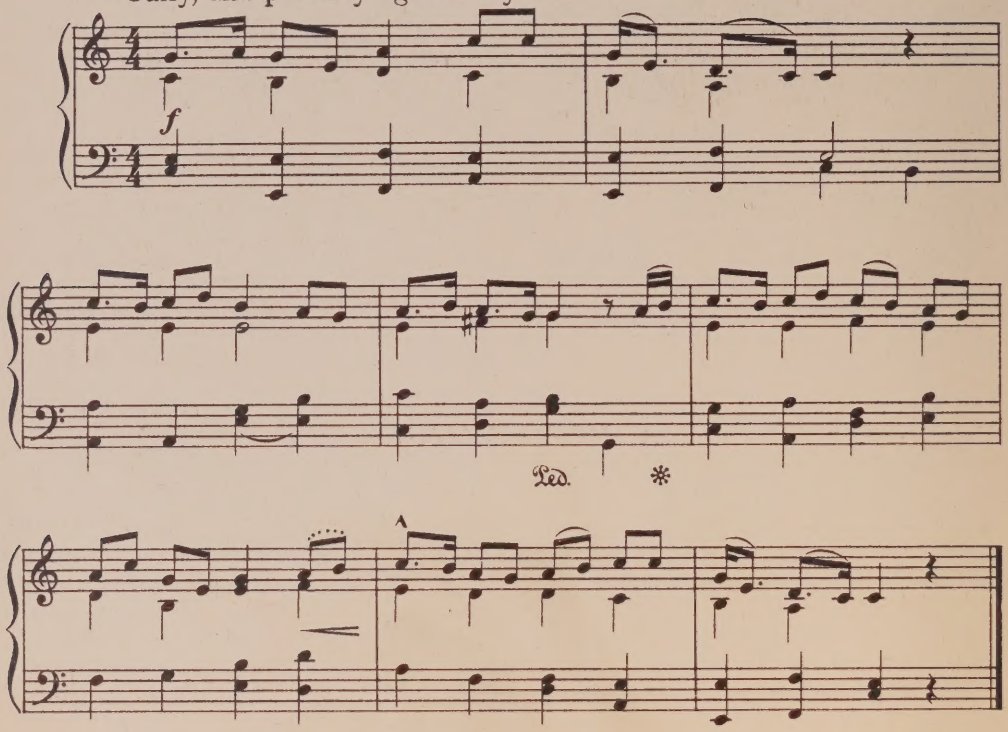
Then courage, noble Englishmen
And never be dismayed,
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid,
To fight with foreign enemies
And set our nation free;
And thus I end the famous bout
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

*July was pronounced like truly at this time.

18 MALLY O

KEY C

Gaily, and possibly agressively



1

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally O?
Will ye go to Flanders, my bonny Mally O?
There we'll get wine and brandy
And sack and sugar candy,
Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally O?

2

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally O?
Will ye go to Flanders, my bonny Mally O?
Ye'll see the bullets fly,
And the soldiers how they die,
And the ladies how they cry, my Mally O.

3

Repeat verse 1 *in chorus.*

Words and Music from Robert Chambers' *Scots Songs Prior to Burns.*

19 THE MAY MORNING HYMN

KEY G MINOR

Very slowly

Benjamin Rogers, 1614–1698

p

(original harmony)

1

Te Deum Patrem colimus,
Te laudibus prosequimur;
Qui corpus cibo reficis,
Caelesti mentem gratia.

2

Te adoramus, O Jesu!
Te, Fili unigenite,
Te, qui non dedignatus est,
Subire claustra Virginis.

3

Actus in Crucem, factus es
Irato Deo Victima;
Per Te, Salvator unice,
Vitae spes nobis rediit.

4

Tibi, aeterne Spiritus,
Cujus afflatu perperit
Infantem Deum Maria,
Aeternum benedicimus.

5

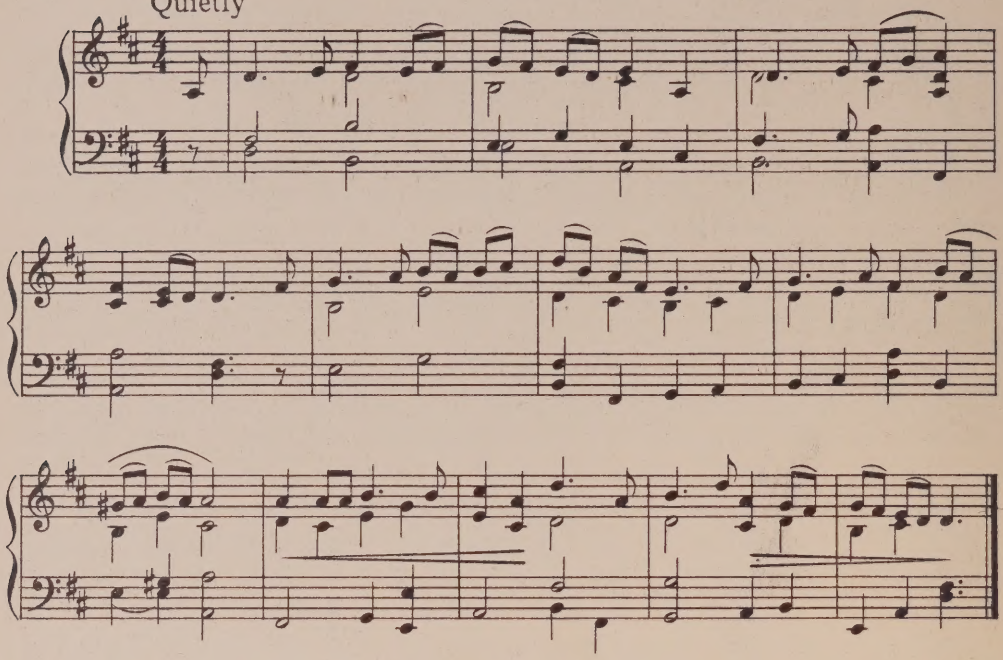
Triune Deus hominum,
Salutis Auctor optime,
Immensum hoc mysterium
Ovante lingua canimus.

In accordance with an ancient custom, this hymn is sung by the choir of Magdalen College, Oxford, on the top of the bell tower every first of May at 6 a.m. *(summer time)*. A great crowd gathers to hear the singing, and disperses afterwards in accordance with more modern customs, to see the Morris dancers, to gather fritillaries, or to breakfast on the river.

20 MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

KEY D

Quietly



1
My mind to me a Kingdom is
Such perfect Joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
The World affords or grows by kind;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

2
No Princely Pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the Victory,
No cunning wit to salve a Sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye:
To none of these am I in Thrall,
For why, my Mind to me is all.

3
Content I live with this my stay,
I with no more then may suffice;
I press to bear no mighty Sway,
Look what I want, my mind supplies;
Thus do I Triumph like a King,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

4
Some have too much and yet do want;
I little have, but wish no more:
They are but Poor, for much they want,
And I am rich with little store.
They Poor, I Rich, they Beg, I Give,
They Lack, I Leave, they Pine, I Live.

5
Some weigh their Pleasure by their Lust,
Their Wisdom by the rage of Will;
Their treasure is their only Trust,
And crooked Craft their School of skill.
But all the Pleasure I can find,
Is the Content of a quiet Mind.

6
My Health is Wealth and Perfect Ease,
A Conscience clean my chief defence;
I do not seek by Bribes to please,
Nor by Deceit to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die,
Would all did as well as I.

Tune by Wiliam Byrde in *Psalms, Songs and Sonnets of Sadness and Pietie*, 1599; words probably by Sir Edward Dyer, c. 1580. The song is well-known, and has been printed by Ritson, D'Urfey, and others, since its first appearance.

21 O MISTRESS MINE

KEY E♭

Slowly, with expression

mp

rit.

* Verse 2 begins here. † omit v. 2.

1

O mistress mine, where are you roaming? *(twice)*
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

2

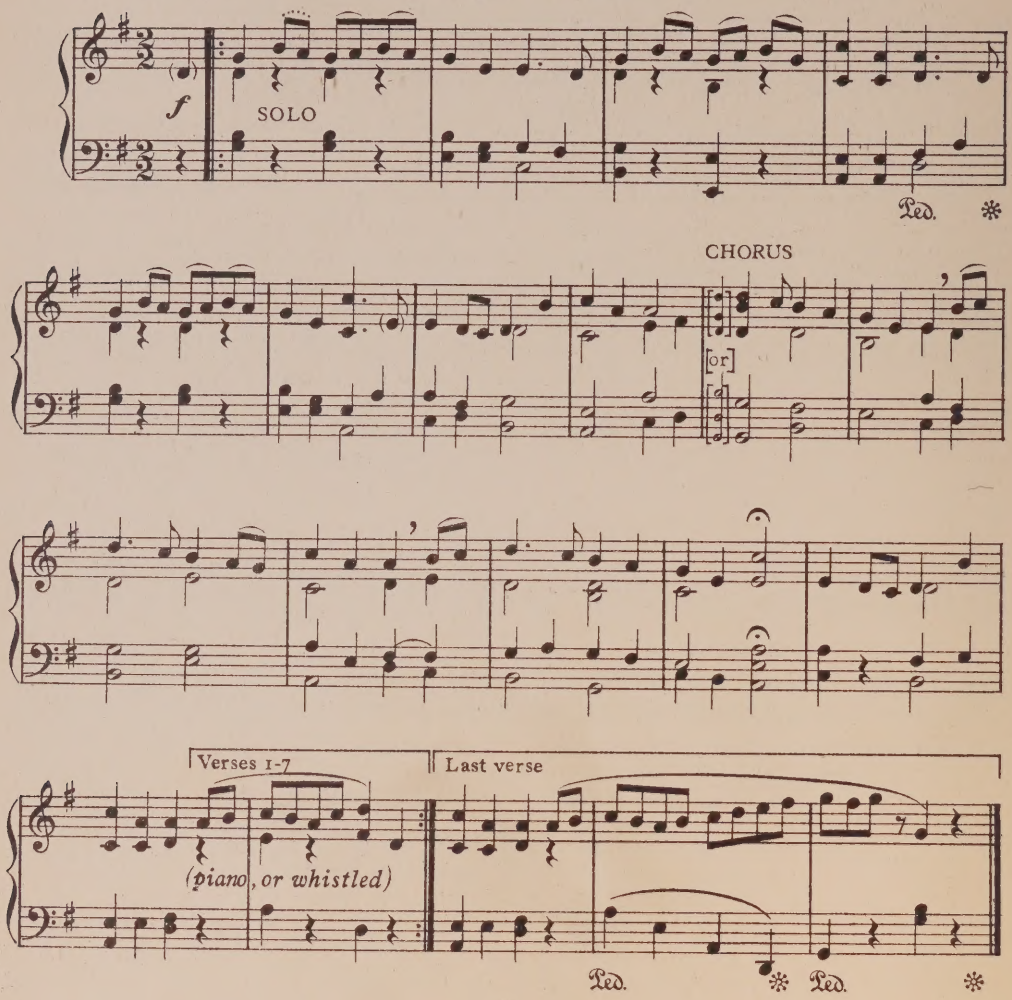
What is love? 'tis not hereafter; *(twice)*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

This tune may have been written for the song in *Twelfth Night,* or it may have been an old tune used by Shakespeare in the play, in accordance with the practice of the time. The tune (without words) appears first in *The First Booke of Consort Lessons,* edited by Thomas Morley, 1599.

22 OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

KEY G

Gaily and persuasively, in quick march time.



1

Hark! now the drums beat up again,
For all true soldiers, gentlemen,
Then let us 'list, and march, I say,
Over the hills and far away.

Chorus: O'er the hills and o'er the main
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,
Queen Ann commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

A recruiting Song of the Marlborough wars, from Thomas D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1719.
The interlude between the verses may be omitted if the soloist has plenty of breath and staying power.

2

All gentlemen that have a mind
To serve the Queen that's good and kind,
Come'list and enter into pay
Then over the hills and far away.
Chorus O'er the hills, etc.

3

Here's forty shillings on the drum
For those that volunteers do come,
With shirts, and clothes and present pay,
When over the hills and far away.
Chorus O'er the hills, etc.

4

No more from sound of drum retreat,
While Marlborough and Galloway beat
The French and Spaniards every day
When over the hills and far away;
Chorus O'er the hills, etc.

5

He that is forced to go and fight
Will never get true honour by't,
While volunteers shall win the day
When over the hills and far away.
Chorus O'er the hills, etc.

6

Come on then, boys, and you shall see
We every one shall captains be,
To dress and strut as well as they
When over the hills and far away.
Chorus O'er the hills, etc.

7

For if we go 'tis one to ten
But we'll return all gentlemen,
All gentlemen as well as they,
When over the hills and far away.
Chorus O'er the hills, etc.

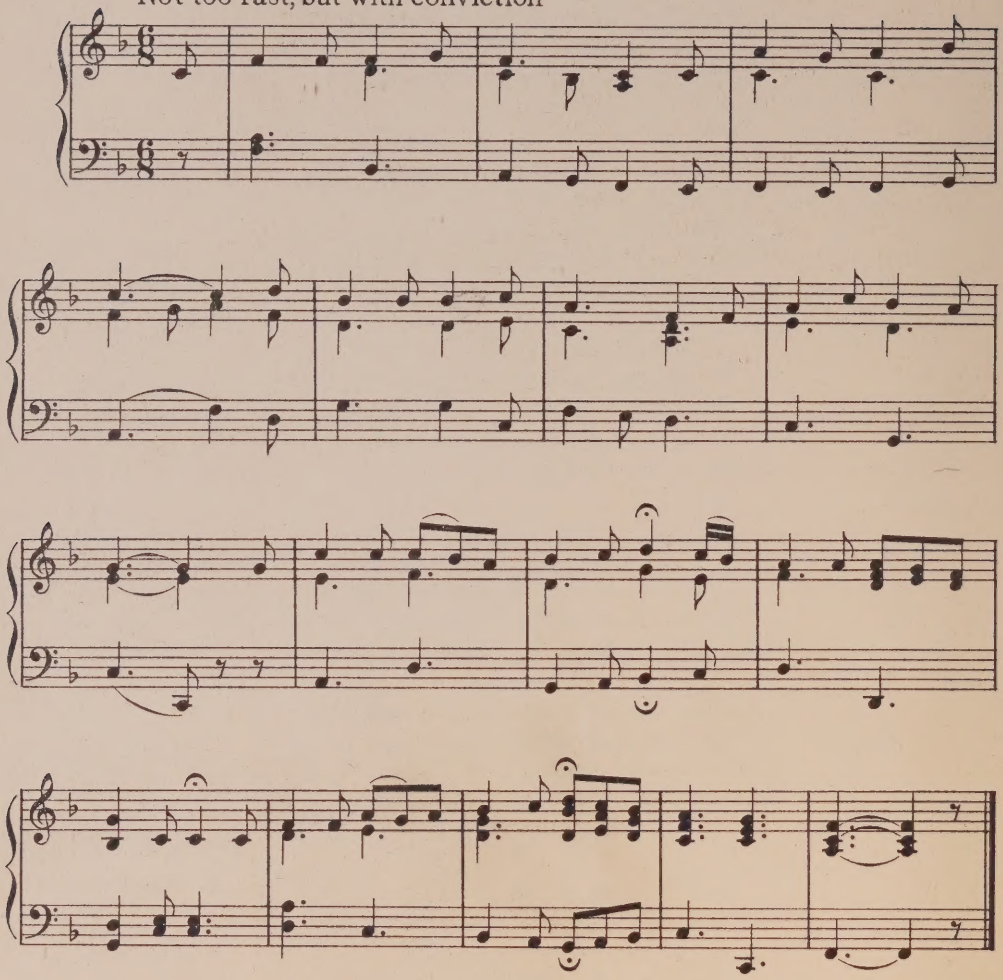
8

What though our friends our absence mourn
We with all honour shall return,
And then we'll sing both night and day
Over the hills and far away.
Chorus O'er the hills, etc.

23 THE PLOUGHBOY

KEY F

Not too fast, but with conviction



I

Come, all you jolly ploughboys,
Come, listen to my lays,
And join with me in chorus,
I'll sing the ploughboy's praise.
My song is of the ploughboy's fame,
And unto you I'll relate the same,
He whistles, sings, and drives his team,
The brave ploughing boy.

A Folk song, from the Rev. J. Broadwood's collection of *Sussex Songs*, 1843.

2

So early in the morning
The ploughboy he is seen,
And hastens to the stable,
His horses for to clean.
Their manes and tails he will comb straight
With chaff and corn he does them bait,
Then he'll endeavour to plough straight,
The brave ploughing boy.

3

So early in the morning
To harrow, plough, and sow,
And with a gentle cast, my boys,
We'll give the corn a throw.
This makes the valleys thick to stand
With corn to fill the reaper's hand,
All this, you may well understand,
Does this brave ploughing boy.

4

The corn is now a-growing
And seedtime it is o'er ,
Our master he does welcome us,
And opes the cellar door.
With cake and ale we have our fill,
Because we've done our work so well,
There's none can here excel the skill
Of the brave ploughing boy.

5

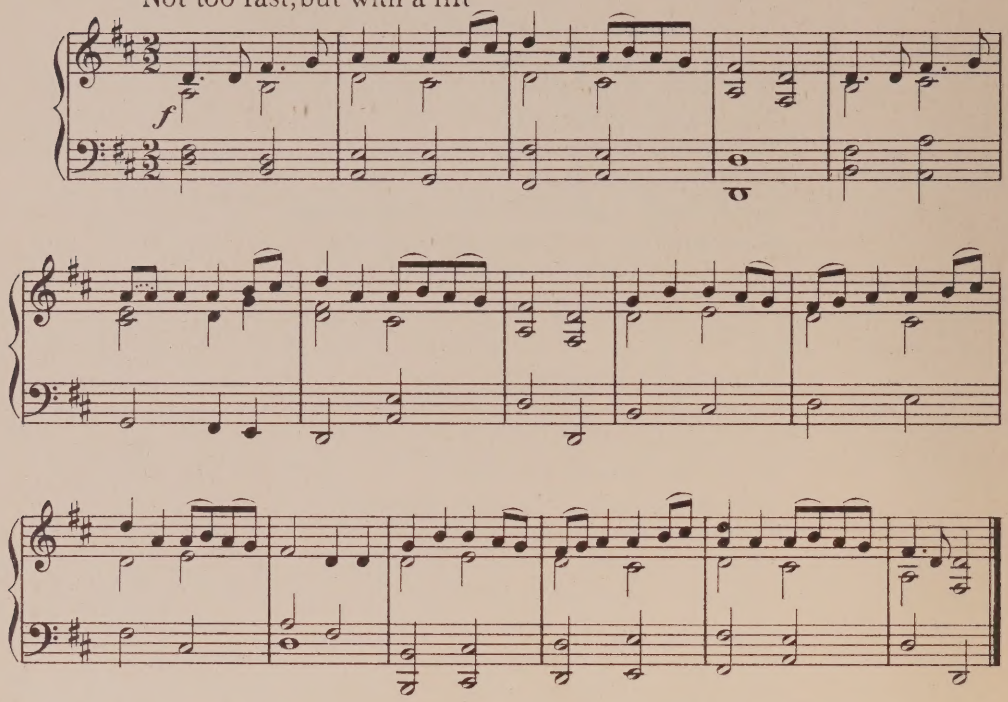
The corn is now a-growing,
The fields look fresh and gay,
The cheerful lads come in to mow,
Whilst damsels make the hay.
The ears of corn they now appear,
And peace and plenty crown the year,
So we'll be merry and drink whilst here
To the brave ploughing boy.

24 ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

The Cornish May Song, or Helston Furry

KEY D

Not too fast, but with a lilt



1

Robin Hood and Little John,
They both are gone to the fair, O;
We will to the merry greenwood
To see what they do there, O.
For to chase the buck and doe,
To chase the buck and doe, O,
And for to chase the buck and doe,
With Hal-an-tow sing merry, O.

2

We were up as soon as day
To fetch the summer home, O;
Summer and the sweet May, O,
For summer is a-come, O.
And winter is a-gone, O,
And summer is a-come, O,
And winter cold is now gone, O,
With Hal-an-tow sing merry, O.

3

Good Saint George shall be our song,
Saint George he was a knight, O;
Of all the kings in Christendom,
King George he is the right, O.
In each land that e'er we go
Sing Hal-an-tow and George, O,
And in each land that e'er we go,
Sing Hal-an-tow and George, O.

4

Bless Aunt Mary with power and might,
Send us peace in merry England,
Pray send us peace both day and night
For evermore in merry England.
Pray send us peace both day and night
With Hal-an-tow, sing merry, O;
Pray send us peace both day and night,
Sing Hal-an-tow, sing merry, O.

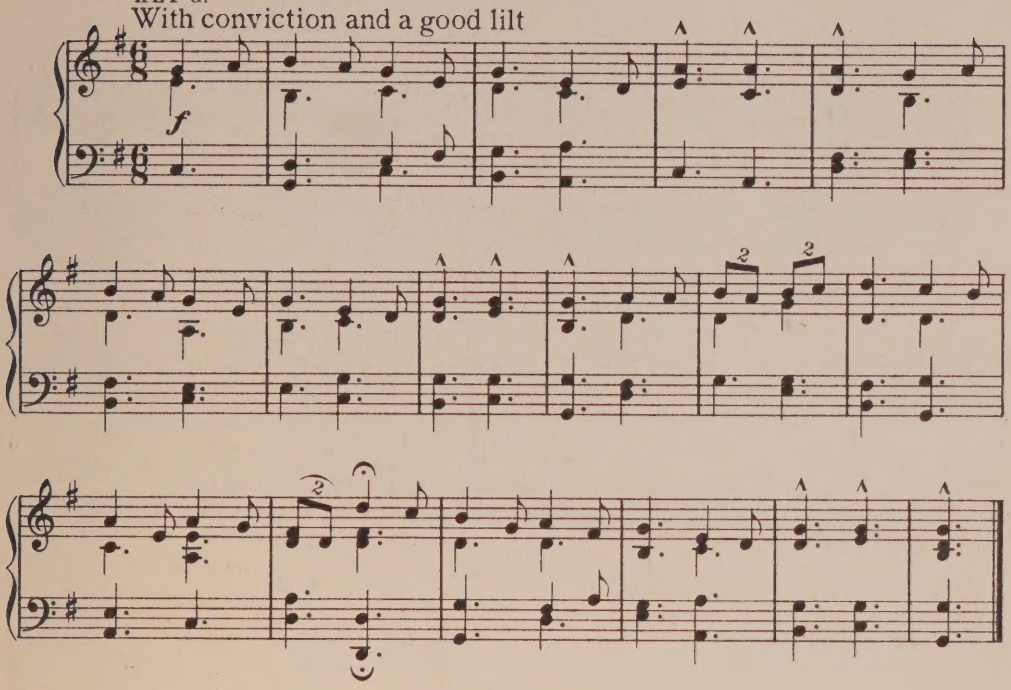
Helston in Cornwall still keeps up a custom believed to be a survival of a Druidic welcome to spring. Early in the morning of each May 8th, (Old May Day), the town (or such as will andcan) in pairs dances through the streets and the houses, singing this old tune, encouraged by a band.

Halantow = Halan or Kalan, the 'Kalends;' and 'Tô' a large bunch of flowers carried on a pole.

Words and tune from Gilbert's *Christmas Carols*, 1823 and Chappell's *National Airs*, 1840.

KEY G.

With conviction and a good lilt



1

O the French are on the sea
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
O the French are on the sea
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
O the French are on the sea,
They'll be here the break o' day,
And the Orange will decay
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

2

And where will they have their camp? } *twice*
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
On the Curragh of Kildare,
And the boys will all be there
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

3

And what will the yeomen do? } *twice*
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
What will the yeomen do
But throw off the red and blue
And swear they will be true
To the Shan Van Vocht.

4

Then what colour will be seen? } *twice*
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
What colour will be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been
But our own immortal green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

5

Will old Ireland then be free? } *twice*
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Old Ireland shall be free
From the centre to the sea,
Then hurrah! for Liberty,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Traditional Irish Song of the Napoleonic wars.
The Shan Van Vocht means the poor old woman, i.e. Ireland.

26 SIR EGLAMORE

KEY F
Jovially

SOLO CHORUS SOLO

mf *f*

CHORUS SOLO

CHORUS Next verse. Last verse only.

1

Sir Eglamore, that valiant knight,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
He took up his sword and he went to fight,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
And as he rode o'er hill and dale,
All armēd in a shirt of mail,
Chorus Fa la, la, la, la, la, lanky down dilly.

2

There leaped a dragon right out of her den;
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
That had slain I know not how many men,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
But when she 'spied Sir Eglamore,
Oh, that you had but heard her roar!
Chorus Fa, la, la, la, etc.

This cheerful ditty is a satire on the stories of knights and their deeds, which the old romances give so heroically. It was very popular in the 17th century and was printed in many collections. The version here is from Playford's *Pleasant Musical Companion*, Part two, 1687, with additional verses from other sources.

It is pleasantly described 'Courage crowned with Conquest: A brief relation how that valiant knight and heroick Champion, Sir Eglamore, bravely fought with, and manfully slew, a terrible, huge, great, monstrous Dragon. To a pleasant new tune.'

3

Then the trees began to shake,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
Knight did tremble, horse did quake,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
The birds betook them all to peeping,
Oh, 'twould have made one fall a-weeping.
Chorus Fa la, la, la, etc.

4

But all in vain it was to fear,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
For now they fall to, fight dog, fight bear,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
And to't they go and soundly fight
A livelong day from morn to night,
Chorus Fa la, la, la, etc.

5

This dragon had a plaguey hard hide
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
That could the sharpest steel abide,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
No sword could enter through her skin,
Which vexed the knight and made him grin,
Chorus Fa la, la, la, etc.

6

But as in choler he did burn,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
He fetched the dragon a great good turn,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
For as a-yawning she did fall
He thrust his sword up, hilt and all,
Chorus Fa la, la, la, etc.

7

Then like a coward she did fly,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
Unto her den which was hard by,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
And there she lay all night and roared,
The knight was sorry—for his sword.
Chorus Fa la, la, la, etc.

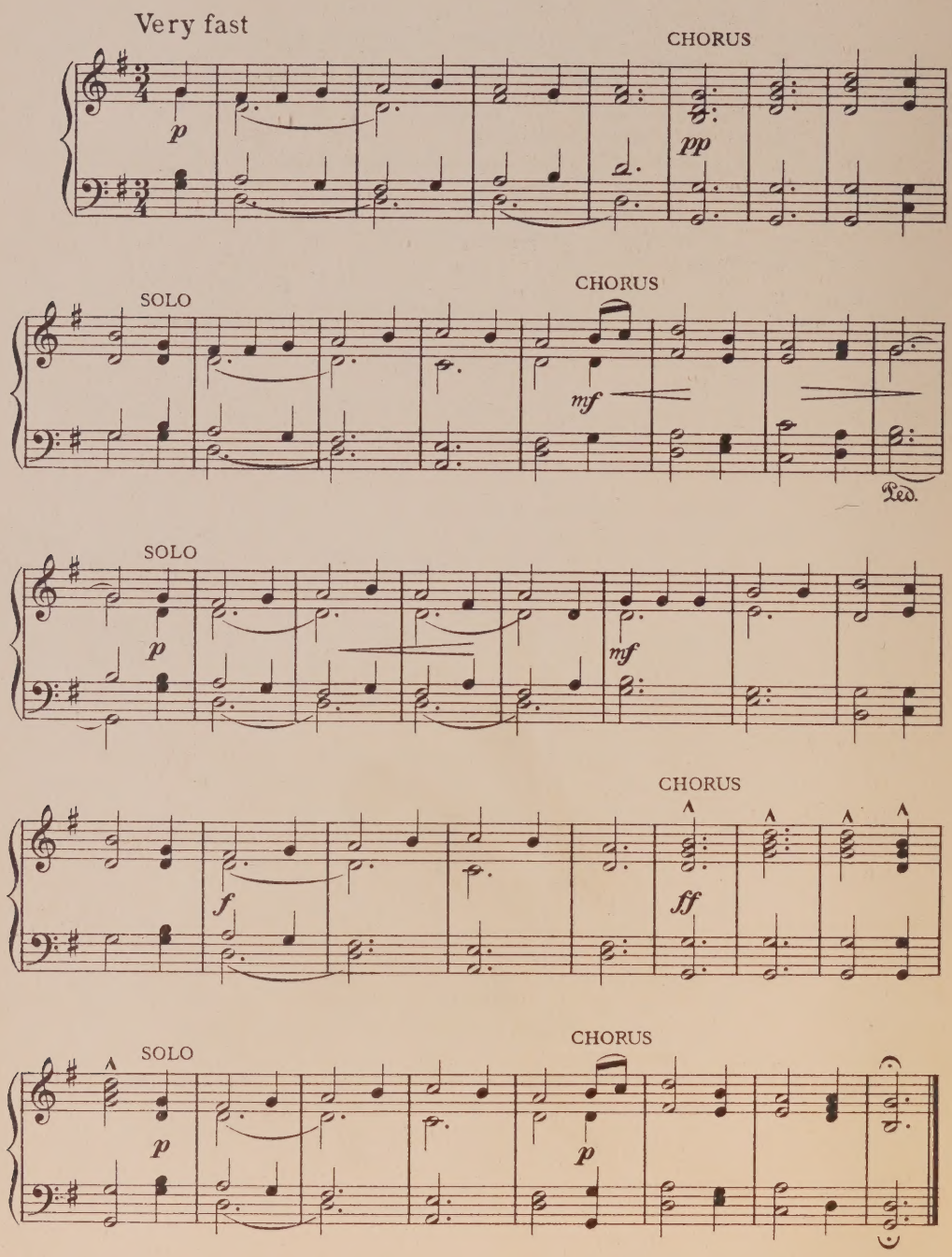
8

When all was done to the alehouse he went,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
And presently his twopence was spent,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
He was so hot with fighting the dragon
That nought could quench his thirst but a flagon,
Chorus Fa la, la, la, etc.

9

And now let's pray for the King and the Queen,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
And eke in London that may be seen,
Chorus Fa la lanky down dilly.
As many knights and as many more,
And all as good as Sir Eglamore.
Chorus Fa la, la, la, etc.

27 TOMORROW THE FOX WILL COME TO TOWN



From Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609.

1

Tomorrow the fox will come to town,
Chorus Keep, keep, keep, keep, keep,
Tomorrow the fox will come to town,
Chorus O keep you all well there.
I must desire you neighbours all
To hallow the fox out of the hall
And cry as loud as you can call:
Chorus Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop,
And cry as loud as you can call:
Chorus O keep you all well there.

2

He'll steal the cock out from his flock,
Chorus Keep, keep, keep, keep, keep,
He'll steal the cock out from his flock,
Chorus O keep you all well there.
I must desire you neighbours all, etc.

3

He'll steal the hen out of the pen,
Chorus Keep, keep, keep, keep, keep,
He'll steal the hen out of the pen,
Chorus O keep you all well there.
I must desire you neighbours all, etc.

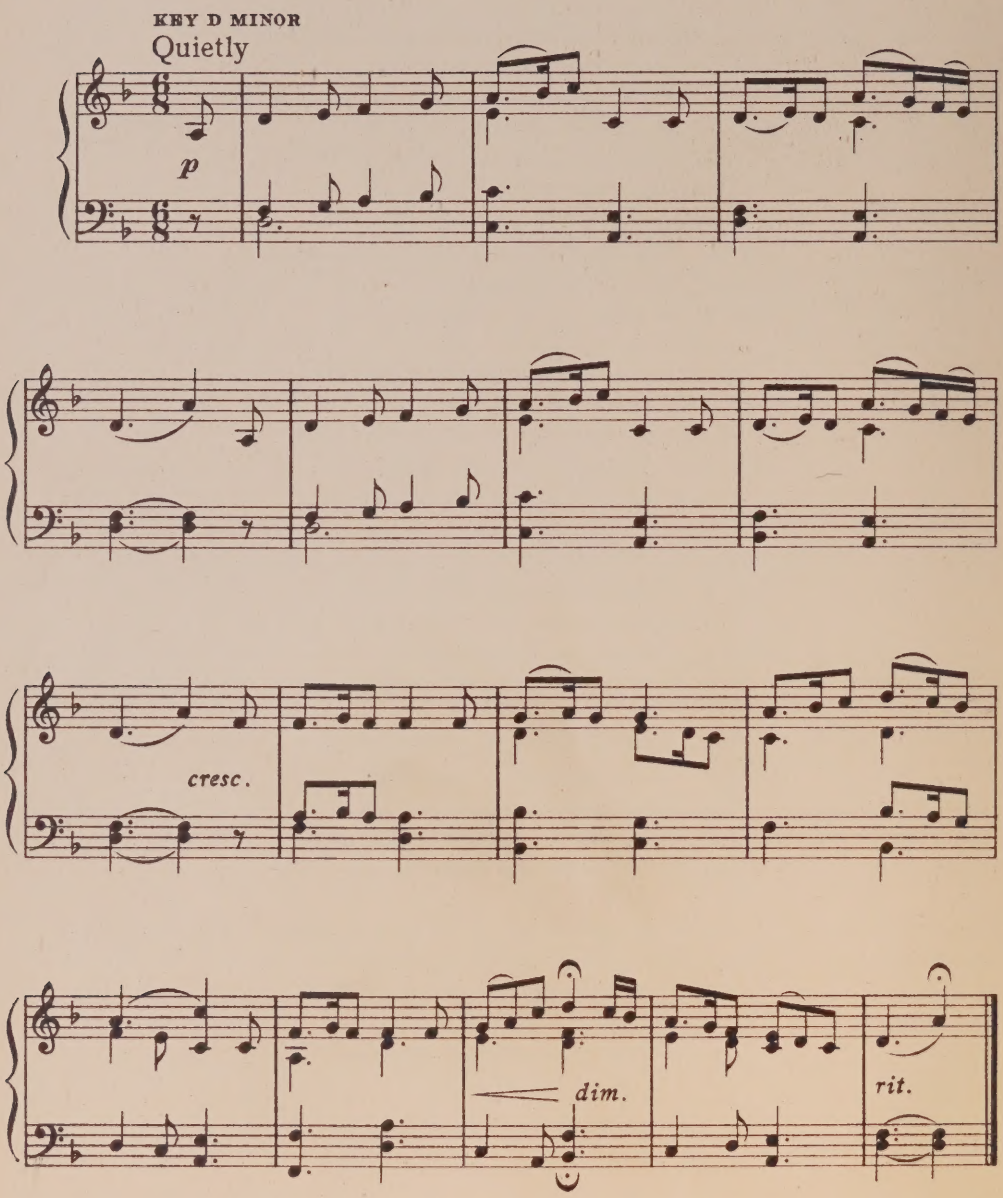
4

He'll steal the duck out of the brook,
Chorus Keep, keep, keep, keep, keep,
He'll steal the duck out of the brook,
Chorus O keep you all well there.
I must desire you neighbours all, etc.

5

He'll steal the lamb e'en from his dam,
Chorus Keep, keep, keep, keep, keep,
He'll steal the lamb e'en from his dam,
Chorus O keep you all well there.
I must desire you neighbours all, etc.

28 UP IN THE MORNING EARLY



Air, 'Cold and Raw,' from Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1651: words by John Hamilton, c. 1800.

1

Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south,
The drift is drivin' sairly;
The sheep are cow'ring in the heuch,
O, sirs, 'tis winter fairly.
Then up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
I'd rather go supperless to my bed
Than rise in the morning early!

2

Loud roars the blast amang the woods,
And tirls the branches barely;
On hill and house hear how it thuds!
The frost is nipping sairly.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
To sit a'nicht wad better agree
Than rise in the morning early!

3

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
Puir things, they suffer sairly;
In cauld-rife quarters a' the nicht,
A' day they feed but sparely.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
A pennyless purse I wad rather dree
Than rise in the morning early!

4

A cosie house and canty wife
Aye keep a body cheerly;
And pantries stow'd wi' meat and drink,
They answer unco rarely.
But up in the morning - na, na, na,
Up in the morning early,
The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,
When I rise in the morning early!

heuch, ravine. tirls, strips. dree, endure. linties, linnets. canty, cheerful.

29 A VIRGIN UNSPOTTED

KEY D

Happily

mf

CHORUS

f

Repeat third time for chorus

1

A virgin unspotted, as the prophets do tell,
Hath brought forth a babe, as it hath her befell,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression hath wrapt us all in.
Chorus Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus, our Saviour, was born at this tide.

2

In Bethlehem city, in Jewry it was,
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be taxed, with many one mo;
For Caesar commanded the same should be so.
Chorus Rejoice and be merry, etc.

Traditional West Country Carol, words from Wm. Sandy's Collection of Carols, 1853, tune from Wm. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1855.

3

But, when they had entered the city so fair,
The number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could get in the city no lodging at all.
Chorus Rejoice and be merry, etc.

4

Then they were constrained in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they uséd to tie;
Their lodging so simple, they held it no scorn,
But against the next morning our Saviour was born.
Chorus Rejoice, etc.

5

The King of all Glory to the world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap him was wrought;
When Mary had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
Within an ox manger she laid him to sleep.
Chorus Rejoice, etc.

6

Then God sent an Angel from heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bid them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
Chorus Rejoice, etc.

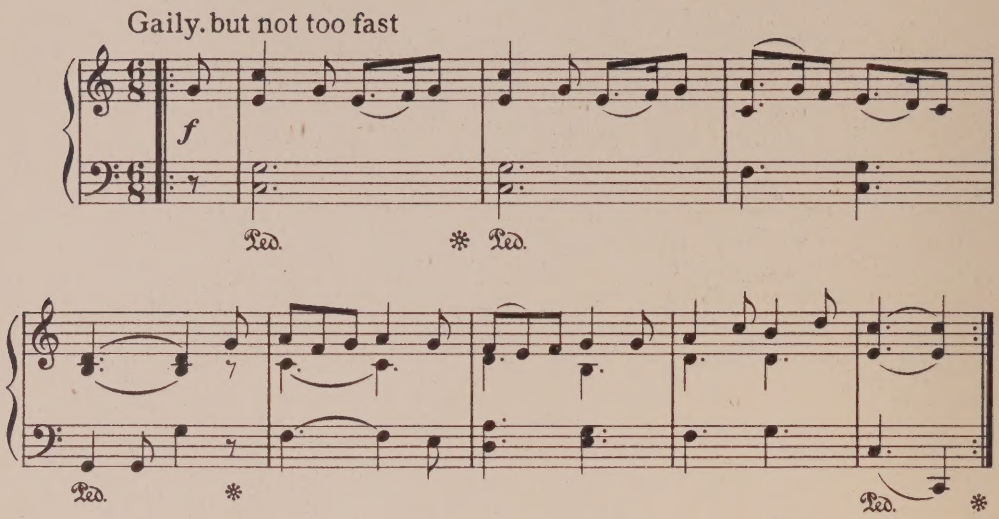
7

Then presently after, the Shepherds did spy
A number of Angels appear in the sky,
Who joyfully talked, and sweetly did sing,
To God be all Glory, our Heavenly King.
Chorus Rejoice, etc.

8

Three certain Wise Princes, they thought it most meet
To lay their rich off'rings at our Saviour's feet;
Then the Shepherds consent, and to Bethlehem did go,
And when they came thither, they found it was so.
Chorus Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus, our Saviour, was born at this tide.

30 THE HUNT IS UP



1

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh day;
And Harry our King is gone hunting,
To bring his deere to baye.
The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled,
The merrie horne wakes up the morne,
To leave his idle bed.

2

Behold the skies with golden dyes
Are glowing all around,
The grasse is greene and so are the treene,
All laughing at the sound.
The horses snort to join the sport,
The dogges are running free,
The woddes rejoice at all the noise
Of hey tan-ta-ra-tee-ree!

3

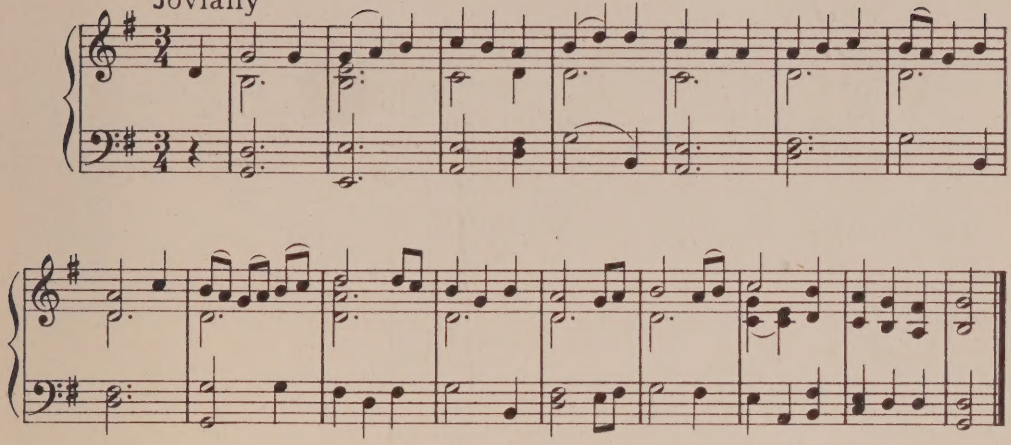
The sunne is glad to see us clad
All in our lustie greene,
And smiles in the skye as he riseth hye,
To see and to be seene.
Awake all men, I say agen,
Be merrie as you maye,
For Harry our King, is gone hunting,
To bring his deere to bay.

Words and tune of about 1540, reprinted in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1855. The old spelling is so attractive, that in this song it is given unaltered.

31 WASSAIL SONG

KEY G

Jovially



1

Wassail, Wassail, all over the town,
Our bread it is white and our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of the green maple tree;
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

2

Here's a health to the ox and to his right eye,
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see,
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

3

Here's a health to the ox and to his right horn,
Pray God send our master a good crop of corn,
A good crop of corn as e'er I did see.
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

4

Here's a health to the ox and to his long tail,
Pray God send our master a good cask of ale,
A good cask of ale as e'er I did see.
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

5

Come, butler, come fill us a bowl of the best;
Then I pray that your soul in Heaven may rest;
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
May the Devil take butler, bowl and all.

6

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock,
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock;
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin,
To let these jolly Wassailers walk in.

Traditional Carol Collected by Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, and printed by permission of Messrs. Stainer and Bell.

32 WE BE SOLDIERS THREE

KEY E MINOR

Not too fast, and with rough good humour

SOLO CHORUS

f

* SOLO CHORUS

Ped. ✻

I

We be soldiers three,
Pardona moy, je vous an pree,
Lately come forth of the Low Country,
With never a penny of money.

2

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,
Pardona moy, je vous an pree;
To all good fellows, wherever they be,
With never a penny of money.

3

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardona moy, je vous an pree;
Pays for the shot whatever it is,
With never a penny of money.

4

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,
Pardona moy, je vous an pree;
As long as there is any ink in thy pen,
With never a penny of money.

From Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609. It is a roistering free companions' song of the Netherland wars, with a characteristic 16th century tune (see ✻.) Argument was so dangerous with those able and quick tempered swordsmen, that it was wise to preface any statement addressed to them with a 'Pardonnez-moi:' with the result that 'pardonnez-mois' or 'padona-moys' they were generally called.

33 WHEN THAT I WAS A LITTLE TINY BOY

KEY E MINOR

Simply

p

1

When that I was a little tiny boy,
With a hey ho! the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth ev'ry day,
With a hey ho! the wind and the rain
And the rain it raineth ev'ry day.

2

But when I came to man's estate,
With a hey ho! etc.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, etc.

3

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With a hey ho! etc.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, etc.

4

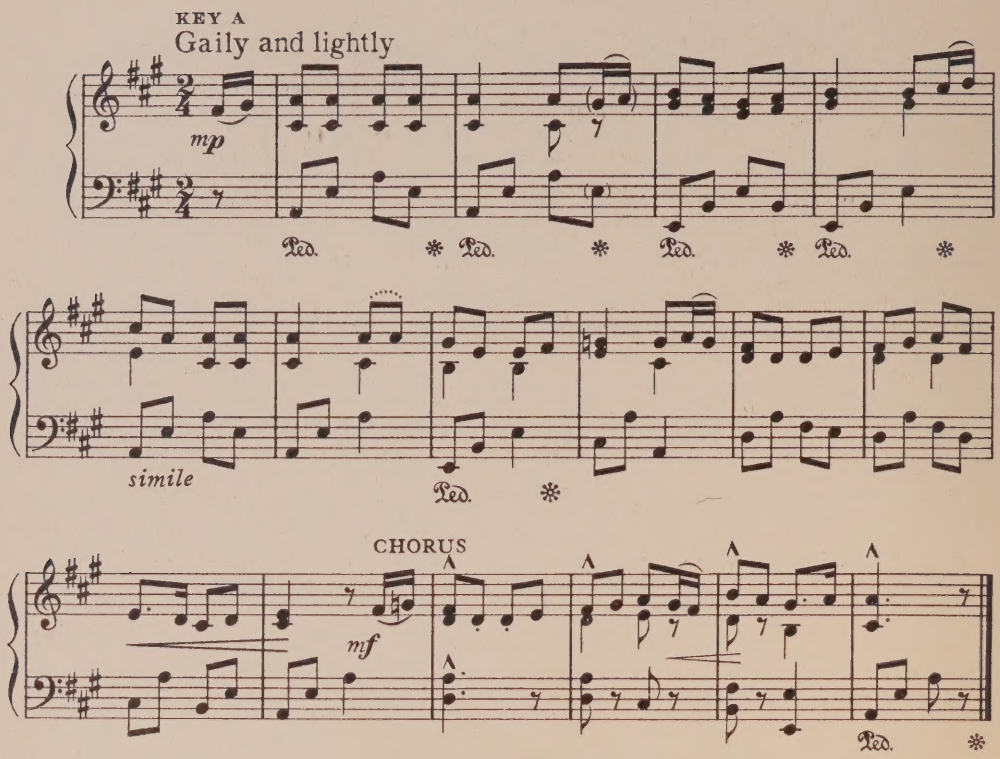
But when I came unto my bed,
With a hey ho! etc.
With toss-pots still I'd drunken head,
For the rain, etc.

5

A great while ago the world begun,
With a hey ho! the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
With a hey ho! etc.

The traditional tune to the song in '*Twelfth Night*,' from Chappell's *National Airs*, 1840.

34 THE WILTSHIRE WEDDING



1

All in a misty morning,
Cloudy was the weather,
I meeting with an old man
Clothéd all in leather,
With ne'er a shirt upon his back,
But wool unto his skin.
Chorus With how d'ye do, and how d'ye do,
And how d'ye do? again.

2

The rustic was a thresher,
And on his way he hied,
And with a leather bottle
Fast buckled by his side;
And with a cap of woollen,
Which covered cheek and chin;
Chorus With how d'ye do? and how d'ye do?
And how d'ye do? again.

From T. D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth* 1719, with additions from other sources.

3

I went a little further,
And there I met a maid
Was going then a-milking,
'A-milking, sir,' she said;
Then I began to compliment,
And she began to sing:
Chorus With how d'ye do? etc.

4

This maid, her name was Dolly,
Clothed in a gown of gray,
I, being somewhat jolly,
Persuaded her to stay:
Then straight I fell to courting her,
In hopes her love to win,
Chorus With how d'ye do? etc.

5

I told her I would married be,
And she should be my bride,
And long we should not tarry,
With twenty things beside:
'I'll plough and sow, and reap and mow,
Whilst thou shalt sit and spin,'
Chorus With how d'ye do? etc.

6

'Kind sir, I have a mother,
Besides, a father, still;
And so, before all other,
You must ask their good will;
For if I be undutiful
To them, it is a sin;'
Chorus With how d'ye do? etc.

7

Now, there we left the milking-pail,
And to her mother went,
And when we were come thither,
I askéd her consent;
I doff'd my hat, and made a leg,
When I found her within;
Chorus With how d'ye do? etc.

8

Her dad came home full weary,
(Alas! he could not choose;)
Her mother being merry,
She told him all the news.
Then he was mighty jovial too,
His song did soon begin
Chorus With how d'ye do? etc.

9

The parents being willing,
All parties were agreed,
Her portion, thirty shilling;
We married were with speed.
Then Will, the piper, he did play,
Whilst others dance and sing;
Chorus With how d'ye do? and how d'ye do?
And how d'ye do? again.

35 YORK, YORK FOR MY MONEY

KEY E MINOR

With great spirit

SOLO

or

mf

CHORUS (*)

ff

(*)

Ped. ✻

(**If the song is sung by many voices, it will be wise to lengthen all the semiquavers.*)

I

As I went through the North country,
The fashions of the world to see,
I sought for merry company
To go to the City of London.
And when to the City of York I came
I found good company in the same,
As well disposed to every game
As if it had been at London.

Chorus York, York for my money;
Of all the cities that ever I see
For merry pastime and company,
Except the City of London.

(*This is sung after each verse.*)

This is the famous tune of *Greensleeves*, one of the best of all English airs. Sir John Falstaff refers to it characteristically in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, while he himself is the occasion for another happy mention of the tune, when Mrs. Ford says that the deeds and words of Sir John 'do no more adhere and keep pace together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Greensleeves*' —a remark which does credit both to her knowledge of music and to her power of observation.

Of the many ballads written to the tune I have chosen *York for my money*, by William Elderton, 1584, from the Roxburgh collection of ballads. It is long, but gives such a vivid picture of an archery meeting that it is printed here in full.

In singing, the verses marked with a * may be omitted.

2

And in that City what saw I then?
Knights and Squires and gentlemen
A-shooting went for matches ten,
As if it had been at London.
And they shot for twenty pounds a bow,
Besides great cheer they did bestow,
I never saw a gallanter show,
Except I had been at London.

3

These matches you shall understand
The Earl of Essex took in hand,
Against the good Earl of Cumberland,
As if it had been at London.
And agreed these matches all shall be
For pastime and good company
At the City of York full merrily
As if it had been at London.

4

In York there dwells an Alderman, which
Delights in shooting very much,
I never heard of any such
In all the City of London.
His name is Maltbie, merry and wise,
At any pastime you can devise,
But in shooting all his pleasures lies,
The like was never in London.

5

This Maltbie for the city's sake,
To shoot, himself, did undertake,
At any good match the Earl would make
As well as they do at London.
And he brought to the field, with him,
One Specke, an archer proper and trim,
And Smith, that shoots about the pin,
As if it had been at London.

6

Then came from Cumberland Archers three
Best Bowmen in the North countree,
I will tell you their names what they be
Well known to the City of London.
Walmsley many a man doth know,
And Bolton how he draweth his bow,
And Ratcliffe's shooting long ago
Well known to the City of London.

7 *

And the Noble Earl of Essex came
To the field himself to see the same
Which shall be had for ever in fame,
As soon as I come at London.
For he shewed himself so dilligent there
To make a mark and keep it fair
It is worthy memory to declare
Through all the City of London.

8

And then was shooting out of cry[1]
The scantling[2] at a handful nigh
And yet the wind was very high
As it is sometimes at London.
They clapt the clouts so on the rags,[3]
There was such betting and such brags
And galloping up and down with nags
As if it had been at London.

9

And never an Archer gave regard
To half a bow, nor half a yard,
I never see matches go more hard
About the City of London.
For fairer play was never played,
Nor fairer lays were never laid,
And a week together they kept this trade,
As if it had been at London.

10 *

The Mayor of York with his company
Were all in the fields I warrant ye
To see good rule kept orderly
As if it had been at London.
Which was a dutiful sight to see
The Mayor and Aldermen there to be
For the setting forth of Archery
As well as they do at London.

11

And there was neither fault nor fray,
Nor any disorder any way,
But every man did pitch and pay
As if it had been at London.
As soon as every match was done,
Every man was paid that won,
And merrily up and down did run,
As if it had been at London.

1 Out of cry = beyond measure.
2 scantling = ring round centre within which hits counted. In this case it was only 4 inches (handful).
3 They clapt.....rags, = they shot dead into the centre of the target, for which, as it was made of canvas, rags was a slang name.

12*

And never a man that went abroad
But thought his money well bestowed,
And money laid on heap and load
As if it had been at London.
And gentlemen there so frank and free
As a mint at York again should be.
Like shooting did I never see,
Except I had been at London.

13*

At York there were Ambassadors three
Of Russia, Lords of high degree,
This shooting they desired to see
As if it had been at London.
The one desired to draw a Bow
The force and strength thereof to know,
And for his delight he drew it so,
As seldom seen in London.

14*

And they did marvel very much
There could be any Archer such
To shoot so far the Clout to touch,
Which is no news to London.
And they might well consider then
An English shaft will kill a man,
As has been provéd where and when
And chronicled since in London.

15

The Earl of Cumberland's Archers won
Two matches clear, ere all was done,
And I made haste apace to run
To carry these news to London.
And Walmsley did the upshot win[4]
With both his shafts so near the pin,
You could scant have put three fingers in
As if it had been at London.

16*

I pass not for my money it cost,
Though some I spent and some I lost,
I wanted neither sod nor roast
As if it had been at London.
For there was plenty of everything
Red and fallow deers for asking
I never saw so merry shooting
Since first I came from London.

17*

God save the City of York therefore
That hath such noble friends in store
And such good Aldermen: send them more
And the like good luck at London.
For it is not little joy to see,
When Lords and Aldermen so agree
With such according Communalty,
God send us the like at London.

18*

God save the good Earl of Cumberland,
His praise in golden lines shall stand
That maintains Archery through the Land
As well as they do at London.
Whose noble mind so courteously
Acquaints himself with the Communalty
To the glory of his Nobility
I will carry the praise to London.

19*

And tell the good Earl of Essex thus
As he is now young and prosperous
To use such properties virtuous
Deserves great praise in London:
For it is no little joy to see
When noble youths so gracious be
To give their good wills to their countrey
As well as they do at London.

20*

Farewell, good City of York, to thee,
Tell Alderman Maltbie this for me,
In print shall this good shooting be
As soon as I come to London.
And many a song will I bestow
On all the musicians that I know
To sing the praises, where they go,
Of the City of York, in London.

21

God save our Queen and keep our peace
That our good shooting may increase,
And praying to God let us not cease
As well at York as at London.
That all our Country round about
May have Archers good to hit the Clout,
Which England cannot be without
No more than York and London.

22*

God grant that once her Majesty
Would come her City of York to see,
For the comfort great of that Country
As well as she doth to London.
Nothing shall be thought too dear
To see her Highness' person there,
With such obedient love and fear
As ever she had in London.

upshot=the last shot in a match.

SEA SONGS

I have included in this section some traditional songs of the Royal Navy, and several shanties, the working songs of the Merchant Service. This is not the place to describe the shanty in detail; that has been done by the three men, seamen and singers, who have been chiefly responsible for preserving it—Captain Whall, Sir Richard Terry, and Mr. F. T. Bullen. In their generation the shanty was a living thing at sea: now it is a memory ashore.

It will suffice here briefly to say that shanties were roughly of two kinds, a capstan or windlass shanty, used for continuous effort such as getting up anchor, and hauling shanties, used when a collective pull on a rope was required at definite intervals. Though any popular tune could be used as a shanty, the regulation ones were often of great age and beauty, though they appear in many versions. The words, except in a few fixed cases, were extemporised.

However much one may wish to respect sentiment and tradition, it is impossible to sing shanties ashore as they were sung at sea. There they were sung without accompaniment; the shantyman often pitched his tune very high, he generally sang in a nasal voice with characteristic pronunciation, and his improvisations were either topical or crude.

But regarded as a song with chorus, the shanty has no equal, and it is for this reason that we should welcome its revival to-day. Moreover, as the shantyman improvised his verses, so should his successor, taking as his theme those subjects of perennial interest—food, drink, the personal characteristics of his fellows, and nostalgia.

Acknowledgements are made in the proper place for permission to reprint various shanties. For others, and for general information about them, I am indebted to my father, the late Captain Thomas Wood, and various members of his ship's company, Mr. W. Lord and Mr. S. S. Lord, of Barrow, Mr. William McDowell, the marine artist, of Wallasey, and Mr. Walter Raby, Trinity House Pilot, of Rampside.

36 ADMIRAL BENBOW

KEY F

Stoutly

mf

Ped. *

This ballad refers to the action of August 19-24, 1702 between Vice-Admiral John Benbow and Admiral du Casse, off Santa Maria. Benbow was deserted by his squadron except the Ruby, and fought his Breda alone. He was badly wounded, and although the French broke off the engagement, he had to return to his base in the West Indies, where he caused two of his captains, Kirby and Wade, of the Defiance and Greenwich, to be shot.

There are many versions of this old tune, all of them differing slightly. The words and air were a tradition both in the Royal Navy and the Merchant Service until about fifty years ago. The verses here given are chiefly from Chappell.

If the ballad is sung by a large body of voices, it may be advisable to make a plain crotchet G at *

1

Oh, we sailed to Virginia, and thence to Fayal,
Where we watered our shipping, and then we weighed all.
Full in view on the seas, boys, seven sails we did espy;
Oh, we mannéd our capstan and weighed speedily.

2

The first we came up with was a brigantine sloop,
And we asked if the others were as big as they looked;
But turning to windward as near as we could lie,
We found there were ten men-of-war cruising by.

3

Oh! we drew up our squadron in very nice line,
And boldly we fought them for full four hours' time;
But the day being spent, boys, and the night coming on,
We let them alone till the very next morn.

4

The very next morn the engagement proved hot,
And brave Admiral Benbow received a chain shot;
And when he was wounded to his merry men he did say,
'Take me up in your arms, boys, and carry me away'.

5

Oh! the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
But Admiral Benbow for help would not cry.
'Take me down to the cockpit; there is ease for my smarts,
If my merry men see me it will sure break their hearts'.

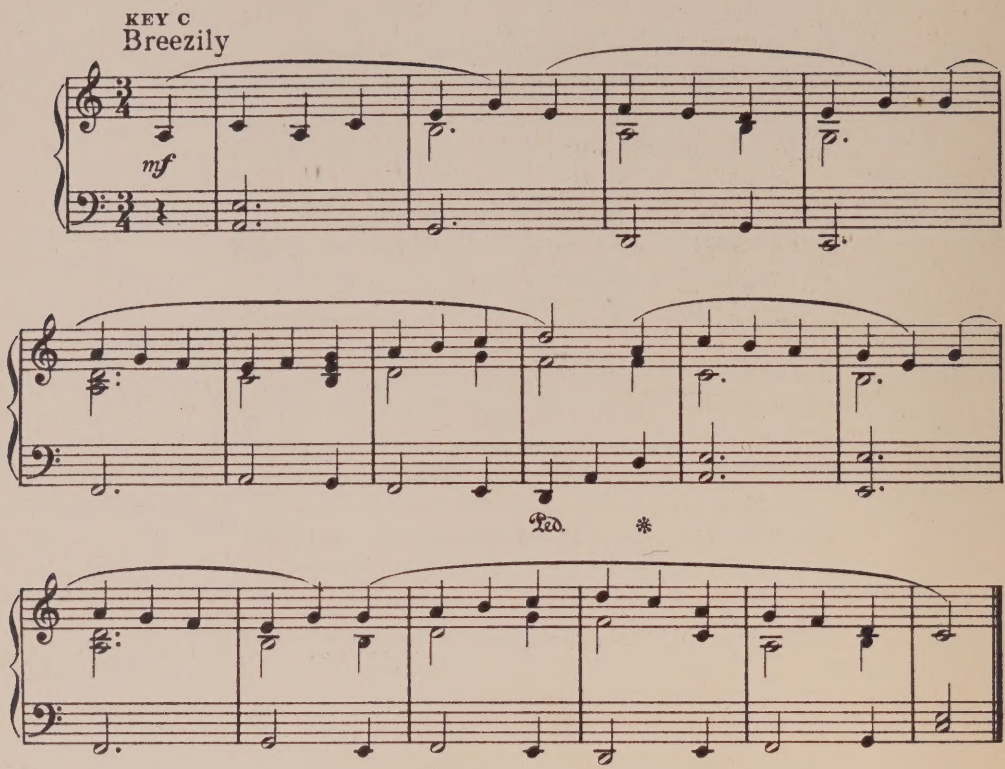
6

The very next morning, by break of the day,
They hoisted their topsails and so bore away;
We bore to Port Royal, where the people flocked much
To see Admiral Benbow carried to Kingston Church.

7

Come, all you brave fellows, wherever you've been,
Let us drink to the health of our King and our Queen;
And another good health to the girls that we know,
And a third in remembrance of brave Admiral Benbow.

37 CAWSAND BAY



1

In Cawsand Bay lying,
The Blue Peter flying,
And all hands turned up for the anchor to weigh,
There came a young lady,
As fresh as a May day,
And modestly hailing, this damsel did say:

2

'I want my young man, there,
Do you hear? bear a han' there,
To hoist me on board, or to send him to me,
His name's Henry Grady,
And I am a lady
Come off to prevent him from going to sea.'

3

The captain, his honour,
When he looked upon her,
Ran down the ship's side for to help her aboard;
Says he with emotion
'What son of the ocean
Can thus be looked after by Helena Ford?'

Traditional words printed by permission of the Naval Records Society, from *Naval Songs and Ballads*, edited by Sir C. H. Firth, 1908. Tune by T. W. The song should be transposed to E when it is sung by treble voices.

4

The lady made answer:
'That there is my man, sir,
I'll make him as fine and as free as a lord:'
'No, no,' says the cap'n,
'That can't very well happen,
I've got sailing orders; you, sir, stay on board'.

5

'Avast,' says the lady,
'Don't you heed him, Henry Grady,
He once was your captain, but now you're at large;
You shan't stay aboard here,
For all that man's order';
Then out of her bosom she hauled his discharge.

6

Says the captain, says he now:
'I'm blowed, but he's free now';
Says Jack, 'Let old Weatherface keep all my clothes:'
On shore then he steered her,
And all the lads cheered her,
But the captain was jealous, and looked down his nose.

7

Then she got a shore tailor
To rig her young sailor
In tight Nankin breeches, and a blue long-tailed coat;
And he looked like a squire
For all to admire,
With a dimity handkerchief tied round his throat.

8

And they had a house greater
Than e'er a first-rater,
With servants in uniform handing the drink;
And a garden to go in
Where the flowers was a-blowin',
The daisy, the buttercup, lily and pink.

9

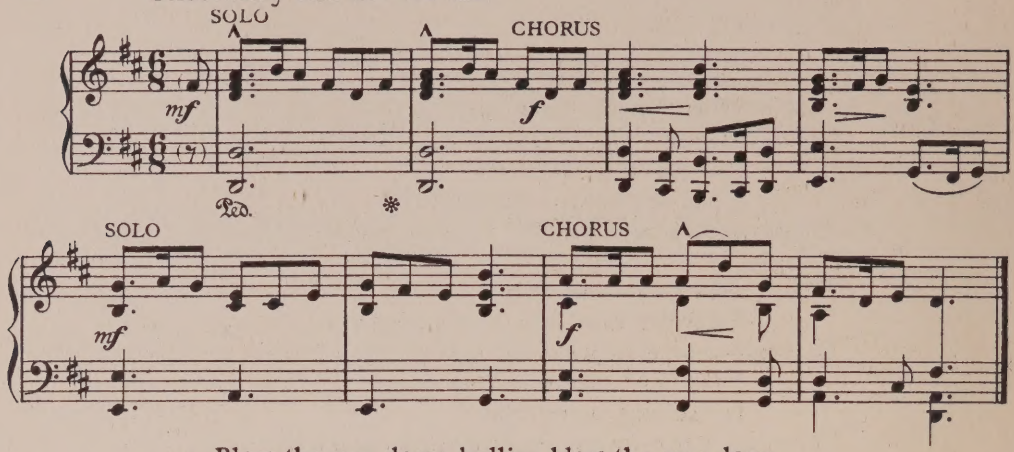
And he got education
Quite fit for his station,
For you know we are never too old for to learn;
And his shipmates they found him,
With his young ones around him,
All chips of the old block, from the stem to the stern.

38

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

KEY D

Gheerfully and not too fast



1 Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down,
Chorus And away-hay, blow the man down;
Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down,
Chorus Give us a chance to blow the man down.

2 Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down,
Chorus And away-hay, etc.
Blow him away to Liverpool town,
Chorus Give us a chance, etc.

3 As I was a-walking down Paradise Street,
Chorus And away-hay, etc.
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet,
Chorus Give us a chance, etc.

4 This pretty young damsel she said unto me;
Chorus And away-hay, etc.
'There's a fine full rigged clipper just ready for sea',
Chorus Give us a chance, etc.

5 The fine full-rigged clipper for Sydney was bound,
Chorus And away-hay, etc.
She was very well manned and very well found,
Chorus Give us a chance, etc.

6 But as soon as the clipper was clear of the bar,
Chorus And away-hay, etc.
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar,
Chorus Give us a chance, etc.

7 As soon as the clipper had got out to sea,
Chorus And away-hay, etc.
I'd cruel hard treatment of every degree,
Chorus Give us a chance, etc.

8 Now we're homeward bound to Liverpool town,
Chorus And away-hay, etc.
Now we are homeward bound with sugar and rum,
Chorus Give us a chance, etc.

Halliards Shanty. This is the version I have heard, with a modification of the verses, some as sung by Lancashire seamen, others added by the courtesy of Mr. John Masefield. 'Blow,' by the way is a euphemism for 'knock'—an interesting sidelight on those grim days.

DONKEY RIDING

KEY E♭

Quietly and confidentially

SOLO

mp

CHORUS (*Joyfully*)

f

1

Were you ever in Quebec
Stowing timber on the deck?
Where there's a King with a golden crown
Riding on a donkey.

Chorus Hey! ho! away we go
Donkey riding, donkey riding.
Hey! ho! away we go,
Riding on a donkey.

2

Were you ever off the Horn
Where it's always fine and warm,
And seen the lion and the unicorn
Riding on a donkey?

Chorus Hey! ho! away we go, etc.

3

Were you ever in Cardiff Bay?
Where the folks all shout 'Hooray!
Here comes John with his three months' pay
Riding on a donkey!'

Chorus Hey! ho! away we go, etc.

This catalogue of improbabilities was sung thirty or forty years ago on Lancashire ships and schooners which ran from Liverpool and Glasson Dock to Canada for timber.

It is not a shanty, but rather a song which helped the ship's company stow deck cargo. The first verse was invariable; after that the shantyman extemporized.

The air may have come from *Highland Laddie,* but it has a distinct character of its own.

I am indebted to Mr. Walter Raby for this song.

40 GOOD-BYE, FARE YOU WELL

KEY D

Not too fast, and sentimentally

SOLO CHORUS SOLO

mp *mf*

CHORUS

f *rit.*

1

O, fare you well, I wish you well!
Chorus Good-bye, fare you well; good-bye, fare you well!
O, fare you well, my bonnie young girls!
Chorus Hoorah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

2

O, don't you hear the old man say
Chorus Good-bye, fare you well, etc.
We're homeward bound this very day?
Chorus Hoorah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

3

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound,
Chorus Good-bye, fare you well, etc.
So heave on the capstan and make it spin round.
Chorus Hoorah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

4

Our anchor's a-weigh and our sails they are set,
Chorus Good-bye, fare you well, etc.
And the girls we are leaving we leave with regret.
Chorus Hoorah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

5

She's a flash clipper packet and bound for to go;
Chorus Good-bye, fare you well, etc.
With the girls on her tow-rope she cannot say no.
Chorus Hoorah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

The regulation shanty used for getting up anchor aboard. The melody ends on the fifth above the key note. From Capt. Whall's *Sea songs, Ships, and Shanties*, by permission of Messrs. James Brown of Glasgow.

HAUL AWAY, JOE

Not too fast but most vigorously

SOLO

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

CHORUS

ff

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

1

Way, haul away, we'll haul away the bowlin'.
Chorus Way, haul away, haul away Joe.

2

Way, haul away, the packet is a-rollin'.
Chorus Way, haul away, etc.

3

Way, haul away, we'll hang and haul together.
Chorus Way, haul away, etc.

4

Way, haul away, we'll haul for better weather.
Chorus Way, haul away, etc.

5

Geordie Charlton had a pig, and it was double jointed.
Chorus Way, haul away, etc.

6

He took it to the blacksmith's shop to get its trotters pointed.
Chorus Way, haul away, etc.

7

King Louis was the king o' France before the Revolution.
Chorus Way, haul away, etc.

8

King Louis got his head cut off, and spoiled his Constitution.
Chorus Way, haul away, etc.

9

Way, haul away, we'll haul away the bowlin'.
Chorus Way, haul away, etc.

The fore-sheet shanty, for a last short pull, or 'sweating up'. From *Sea Shanties* by Sir R. R. Terry, by permission of Messrs J. Curwen and Sons.

42 JOHN DORY

KEY B♭

Cheerfully

SOLO

mf

Ped. ✻

CHORUS

1

As it fell on a holiday,
And upon a holytide-a;
John Dory brought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride-a.
Chorus To Paris for to ride-a,
To Paris for to ride.

2

And when John Dory to Paris was come
A little before the gate-a;
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted,
To let him in thereat-a.
Chorus To let him in thereat-a,
To let him in thereat.

3

The first man that John Dory did meet,
Was good King John of France-a;
John Dory wished well of his courtesy,
But fell down in a trance-a.
Chorus But fell down in a trance-a,
But fell down in a trance.

This celebrated old song comes from Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1687. John Dory, who probably called himself Dorią, was a legendary Genoese pirate in the service of King John of France, who was defeated and captured by Nicholas, a Cornishman, some time in the XIVth century. He or his song have given a name to that admirable fish, John Dory.

4

'A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
For my merry men and me-a;
And all the churls in merry England
I'll bring them bound to thee-a.'
Chorus I'll bring them bound to thee-a,
I'll bring them bound to thee.

5

But Nicholas was a Cornishman
A widow's son in Foy-a: (Fowey)
He manned him forth a goodly bark,
With fifty good oars a side-a.
Chorus With fifty good oars a side-a,
With fifty good oars a side.

6

'Run up, my boy, into the main top,
And look what thou canst spy-a;
'What ho! what ho! a good ship do I see,
♪ ♪ ♪ ♩ ♪ |♩. ♩.
I trow it be John Dory-a.'
Chorus I trow it be John Dory-a,
I trow it be John Dory.

7

They hoist their sails, both main and top,
The mizzen and all was tried-a;
And every man stood to his lot,
Whatever should betide-a.
Chorus Whatever should betide-a,
Whatever should betide.

8

The roaring cannons then were plied,
And dub-a-dub went the drum-a;
The braying trumpets loud they cried,
To courage both all and some-a.
Chorus To courage both all and some-a,
To courage both all and some.

9

The grappling-hooks were brought at length,
The brown bill and the sword-a;
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
Was clapt fast under board-a.
Chorus Was clapt fast under board-a,
Was clapt fast under board.

43 THE OLD CHARIOT

KEY F

Vigorously, in march time

CHORUS

f Roll — the old chariot a-long, Roll — the old chariot a-long, And roll — the old char-i-ot a-long, And we'll all hang on be - hind.

Fine

8ves

SOLO

CHORUS

D. C.

*The small notes at * are a suggestion to the pianist.*

A windlass shanty popular about forty years ago in Lancashire vessels. As the shantyman generally extemporized his verses, each of which was an indirect appeal to the cook for some delicacy, I see no reason why the singer of to-day should not follow his example.

I am indebted to Mr. Walter Raby for this shanty.

Chorus Roll the old chariot along,
Roll the old chariot along,
And roll the old chariot along,
And we'll all hang on behind.

1

A plate of hot scouse wouldn't do us any harm,
A plate of hot scouse wouldn't do us any harm,
It would roll, roll, roll the old chariot along.
Chorus And we'll all hang on behind.

Chorus Roll the old chariot along, etc.

2

Some fresh seapie wouldn't do us any harm,
Some fresh seapie wouldn't do us any harm,
It would roll, roll, roll the old chariot along.
Chorus And we'll all hang on behind.

Chorus Roll the old chariot along, etc.

3

A new plum duff wouldn't do us any harm,
A new plum duff wouldn't do us any harm,
It would roll, roll, roll the old chariot along.
Chorus And we'll all hang on behind.

Chorus Roll the old chariot along, etc.

4

A glass of whiskey hot wouldn't do us any harm,
A glass of whiskey hot wouldn't do us any harm,
It would roll, roll, roll the old chariot along.
Chorus And we'll all hang on behind.

Chorus Roll the old chariot along, etc.

It will be best to start this song with the chorus as above, not with a solo.

44 OH RUN, LET THE BULLGINE RUN

(Halliards Shanty)

KEY G

Brisk and lively

SOLO

CHORUS

f

Ped. ✻

Verses 1–8 SOLO

Last verse

1

Oh we'll run all night till the morning.
Chorus Oh run, let the Bullgine run,
Way-yah, Oh-i-oh, run, let the Bullgine run.

2

Oh we sailed all day to Mobile Bay.
Chorus Oh run, etc.

3

Oh we sailed all night across the Bight. (i.e. of Australia)
Chorus Oh run, etc.

4

Oh we'll run from Dover to Callis.
Chorus Oh run, etc.

5

Oh drive her, captain, drive her.
Chorus Oh run, etc.

6

Oh captain, make her nose blood.
Chorus Oh run, etc.

7

She's a dandy packet and a flier too.
Chorus Oh run, etc.

8

With a dandy skipper, and a dandy crew.
Chorus Oh run, etc.

9

Oh we'll run all night till the morning.
Chorus Oh run, etc.

Printed by permission of Sir Richard Terry and Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons.
'Bullgine' was derisive and somewhat primitive slang for 'engine.'

45 REUBEN RANZO

KEY G

Not too fast, but with conviction

SOLO

mf

CHORUS

f

SOLO

CHORUS

f

Verses 1 – 6

SOLO

Last verse

1

Oh, pity poor Reuben Ranzo!
Chorus Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
Oh, poor old Reuben Ranzo!
Chorus Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!

2

O Ranzo was no sailor,
Chorus Ranzo, etc.
He shipped on board a whaler.
Chorus Ranzo, etc.

3

And he could not do his duty,
Chorus Ranzo, etc.
So they took him to the gangway.
Chorus Ranzo, etc.

4

And they gave him nine-and-thirty,
Chorus Ranzo, etc.
Yes, lashes nine-and-thirty.
Chorus Ranzo, etc.

5

Now, the captain being a good man,
Chorus Ranzo, etc.
He took him in the cabin.
Chorus Ranzo, etc.

6

And he gave him wine and water,
Chorus Ranzo, etc.
Rube kissed the captain's daughter.
Chorus Ranzo, etc.

7

He taught him navigation
Chorus Ranzo, etc.
To fit him for his station.
Chorus Ranzo, etc.

8

Now, Ranzo he's a sailor,
Chorus Ranzo, etc.
He's chief mate of that whaler.
Chorus Ranzo, etc.

A Halliards shanty, printed by permission from Capt. Whall's *Sea-songs, Ships & Shanties*, published by Messrs. James Brown of Glasgow.

Reuben was a man of mystery, about whom nothing is known, but the story of his adventures was familiar to all old seamen.

46 THE RIO GRANDE

KEY D

With an easy swing.

SOLO

mf

CHORUS

f

SOLO

mf

CHORUS

*

CHORUS

*

or.

1

'O where are you going to, my pretty maid?'
Chorus O, Rio,
'I'm going a-milking, sir,' she said,
Chorus But we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Chorus Then away, love, away,
'Way, for Rio,
So fare you well, my bonny young gel
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

2

'May I go with you, my pretty maid?'
Chorus O, Rio,
'You're kindly welcome, sir,' she said.
Chorus But we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Chorus Then away, etc.

3

'What is your father, my pretty maid?'
Chorus O, Rio,
'My father's a farmer, kind sir' she said.
Chorus But we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Chorus Then away, etc.

4

Hey, will you marry me, my pretty maid?'
Chorus O, Rio,
'Yes, if you please, kind sir' she said.
Chorus But we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Chorus Then away, etc.

5

'What is your fortune, my pretty maid?'
Chorus O, Rio,
'My face is my fortune, kind sir,' she said.
Chorus But we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Chorus Then away, etc.

6

'Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid',
Chorus O, Rio,
'Nobody asked you, kind sir,' she said.
Chorus But we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Chorus Then away, etc.

There are many variants of this beautiful tune, and there are many sets of verses. These are modified from those which used to be most popular in Lancashire ships. They suffer from the disadvantage of having another tune, but on the other hand they make a continous story.

Rio Grande is always given an English pronounciation.

47 SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

KEY G

Boldly and not too fast

mf

Ped. *

1

In 'eighty-eight, ere I was born
Or I can well remember,
In August was a fleet prepared,
The month before September.

2

Proud Spain with Biscay and Portugal,
Toledo and Granada,
All these did meet and made a fleet
And called it the Armada.

One of the few good Armada Songs. The tune, called variously *Hanskin, Jog on the footpath way* (Sung by Autolycus in the *Winter's Tale*) and *Eighty-Eight*, appears in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*, c. 1612, Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1650, and D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1719. There are two sets of words, differing slightly, both of which are in Halliwell's *Naval Ballads of England*. (Percy Society.) The words given here are taken from both ballads.

3

There was a little man of Spain,
  Who shot well with a gun-a,
Don Pedro hight, as good a knight
  As any Knight of the Sun-a.

4

King Philip made him admiral
  And bid him not to stay-a
But to destroy both man and boy
  And so to come away-a.

5

Their navy was well victualléd
  With biscuit, peas, and bacon;
Some say two ships were full of whips,
  But I think they were mistaken.

6

Their men were young, munition strong,
  And to do us more harm-a,
They thought it meet to join their fleet
  All with the Prince of Parma.

7

They coasted round about our land,
  And so came in to Dover;
Our Englishmen did board them then,
  And threw the rascals over.

8

The Queen was then at Tilbury,
  What could we more desire-a?
Sir Francis Drake, for her sweet sake,
  Did set them all on fire-a.

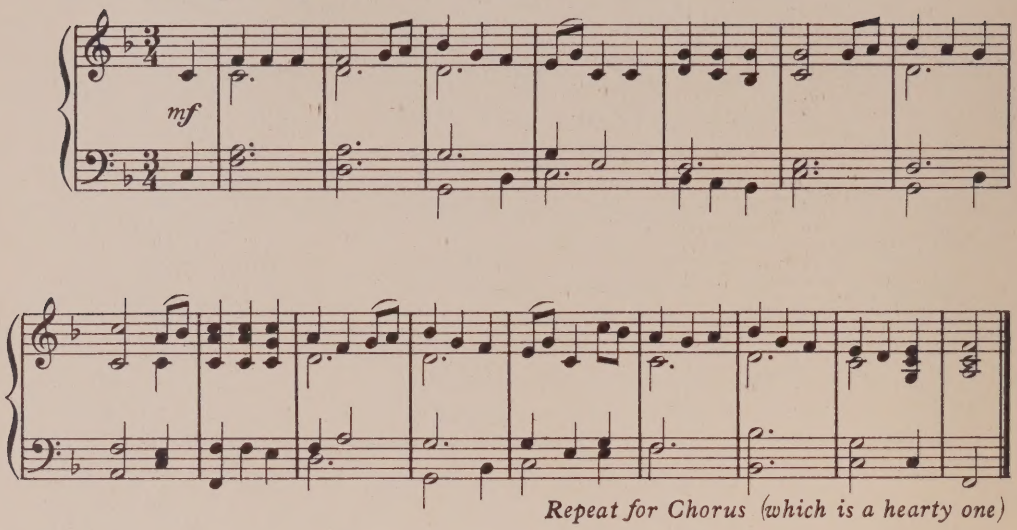
9

So let them look unto themselves,
  For if they come again-a,
They shall be served with that same sauce
  As they were, you know when-a.

48 SPANISH LADIES

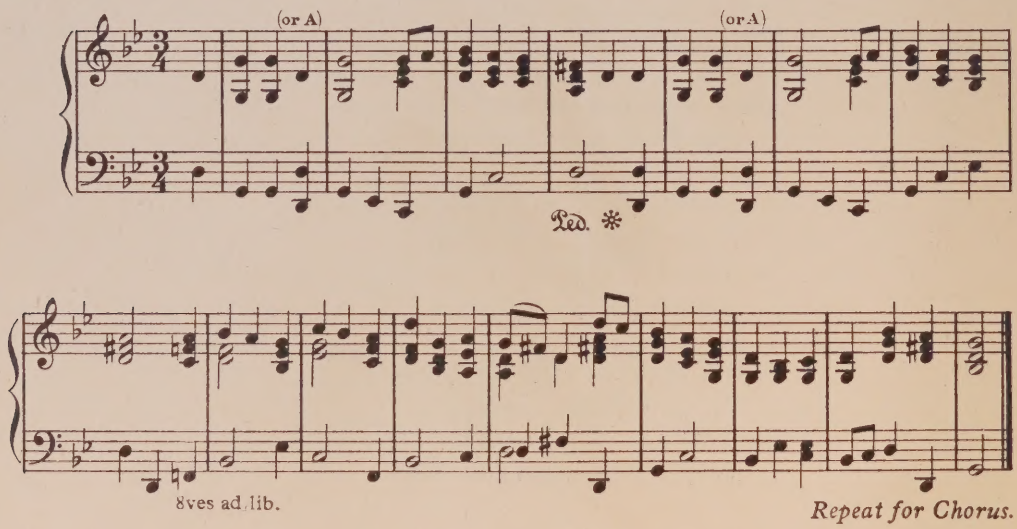
KEY F

With great spirit, but not too fast



49 SPANISH LADIES (2nd version)

KEY G minor



This is perhaps the finest and best known of all English Sea Songs. Of the many forms this tune takes I have chosen two which are well known to me. The words, justly described as sailing directions for the English Channel, are a tradition both in the Navy and the Merchant Service, but have been printed by Capt. Marryat in *'Poor Jack'* and by William Chappell.

1

Farewell and adieu to you fine Spanish Ladies,
Farewell and adieu all you Ladies of Spain–
For we've received orders to sail for Old England,
And perhaps we shall never more see you again.

Chorus We'll rant and we'll roar like true British Sailors,
We'll range and we'll roam o'er all the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of Old England–
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

2

We hove our ship to when the wind was sou'west, boys,
We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear,
Then we filled our main-tops'l and bore right away, boys,
And right up the Channel our course we did steer.

Chorus We'll rant, etc.

3

The first land we made it is known as the Deadman,
Next Ram Head near Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight;
We sailéd past Beachy, past Fairlight and Dungeness,
And then bore away for the South Foreland Light,

Chorus We'll rant, etc.

4

Then the signal was made for the Grand Fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to meet;
Now stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank painters,
Haul up your clew-garnets, let tacks and sheets fly.

Chorus We'll rant, etc.

5

Now let every man drink off a full bumper,
Now let every man drink off a full bowl,
For we will be jolly, and drown melancholy
With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.

Chorus We'll rant, etc.

Grand Fleet = old name for Channel Fleet.
stoppers = rope for checking and holding rope or chain cables.
shank painters = securing ropes for anchors.
haul..... clew garnets = draw lower ends of sails to yard ready for furling.
tacks and sheets = ropes at lower corner of sail for tautening them.

50

SHENANDOAH

KEY D

Slowly, with great feeling

SOLO

CHORUS

p

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

SOLO

CHORUS

p

Ped. ✻

Verses 1-5

Last verse

Ped.

1 Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you.
Chorus Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you.
Chorus Away, I'm bound to go
'Cross the wide Mis-sou-ri.

2 Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter *(twice)*
Chorus in each verse as before

3 'Tis seven long years since last I saw her. *(twice)*

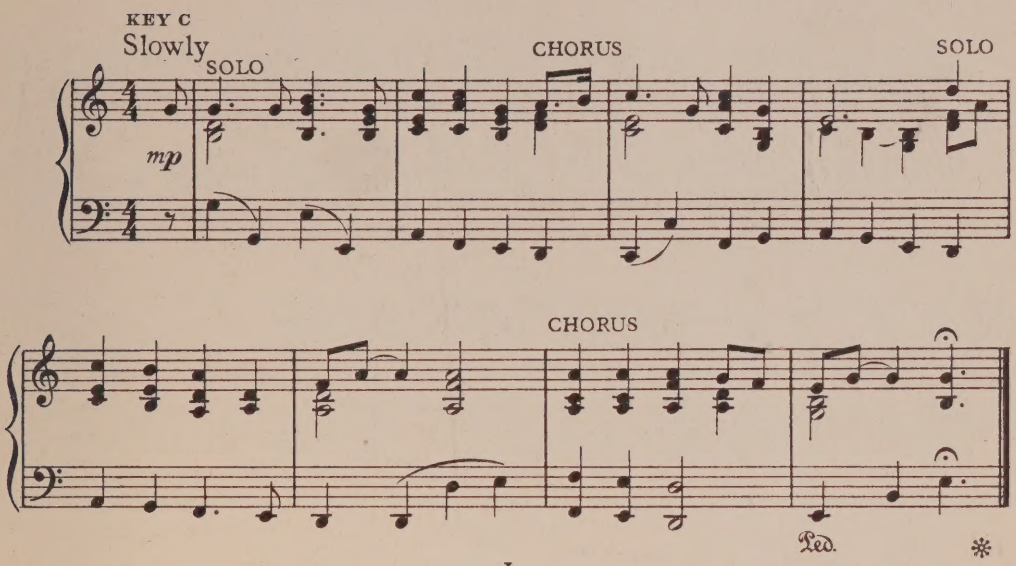
4 Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion
To sail across the stormy ocean.

5 Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you.
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.

6 Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you. *(twice)*

Perhaps the most beautiful and the most loved of all shanties. It has many variants. This one is printed by permission of Sir R.R. Terry and Messrs. J. Curwen and Sons.

51 STORMALONG



1

O Stormy, he is dead and gone,
Chorus To my way you storm along,
O Stormy was a good old man,
Chorus Ay, ay, ay, Mister Stormalong.

2

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade,
Chorus To my way, etc.
And lower him down with a golden chain,
Chorus Ay, ay, ay, etc.

3

I wish I was old Stormy's son,
Chorus To my way, etc.
I'd build a ship of a thousand ton.
Chorus Ay, ay, ay, etc.

4

I'd fill her with New England rum
Chorus To my way, etc.
And all my shellbacks they'd have some.
Chorus Ay, ay, ay, etc.

5

O Stormy's dead and gone to rest,
Chorus To my way, etc.
Of all the sailors he was best.
Chorus Ay, ay, ay, etc.

A shellback was an old seaman.

A capstan or windlass Shanty. Nothing is known of Stormalong, or Old Stormy, except his magnificent name. He is a legendary figure, like Reuben Ranzo, and many shanties mourn him.

This version is from Capt. Whall's collection, and is printed by permission of Messrs. James Brown.

52 TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND

KEY B♭

Gaily

mf

Ped. ✻

CHORUS

rit. *a tempo*

Ped. ✻

1

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
Chorus With a fa, la-la la, la-la-la-la-la, la.

2

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
Chorus With a fa la, etc.

This ballad was written by Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, when at sea during the first Dutch War, 1664-5. The tune appeared first in Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, 1730. Mr. Pepys in his diary mentions that his singing of the song caused great mirth—his love of music was perhaps better than his voice. The tunes and words (in a longer form) are printed in Chappell.

3

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind:
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
Chorus With a fa la, etc.

4

The King, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Brings floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
Chorus With a fa la, etc.

5

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow shall we find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
Chorus With a fa la, etc.

6

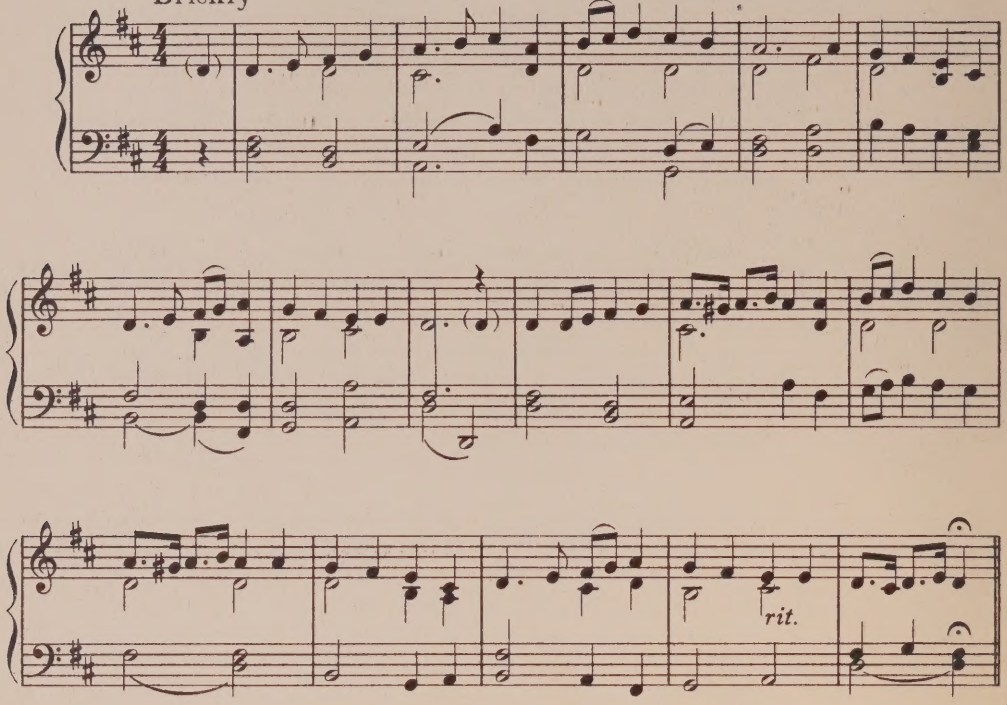
In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
Chorus With a fa la, etc.

7

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
Chorus With a fa la, etc.

53 WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS

KEY D
Briskly



1

We be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the seas;
We spend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live at ease.
Come let us dance the round, around, around,
Come let us dance the round, around, around,
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on this ground, aground, aground.

2

We care not for those martial men
That do our States disdain;
But we care for the merchant-men
Who do our States maintain.
To them we dance this round, around, around,
To them we dance this round, around, around,
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on this ground, aground, aground.

Words and tune from Thomas Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609. It is interesting to note that even in those days there was some feeling between the Royal Navy and the Merchant Service.

54 WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?

KEY D MINOR

With great spirit

Ped. each bar ✻

(✻)

Ped. ✻

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

Hoo-ray and up she rises,
Hoo-ray and up she rises,
Hoo-ray and up she rises,
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
Early in the morning?

Hoo-ray, etc.

Put him in the longboat till he gets sober,
Put him in the longboat till he gets sober,
Put him in the longboat till he gets sober
Early in the morning.

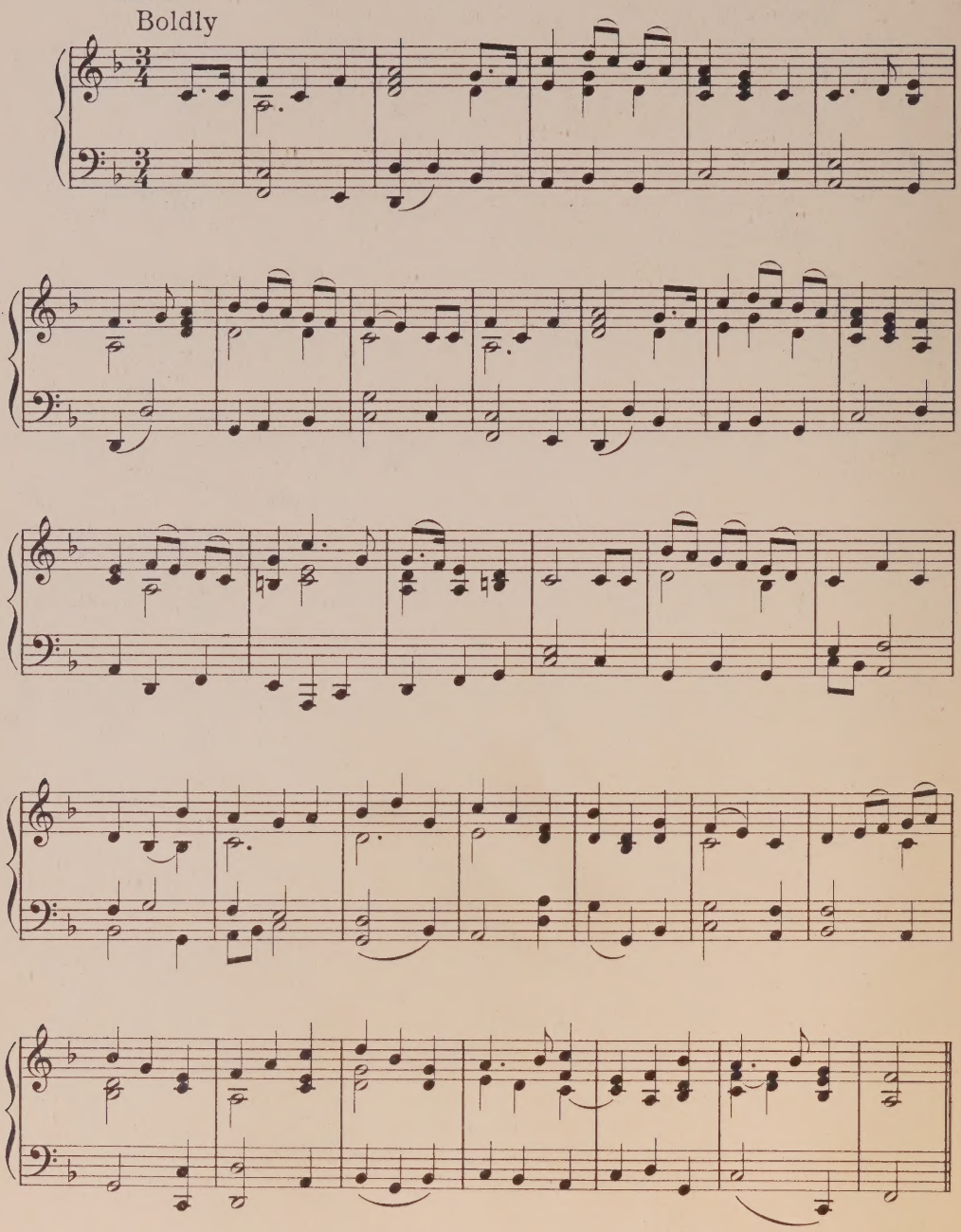
Hoo-ray, etc.

The are several variants of this well-known capstan or windlass shanty: the one given here is that familiar to me. It should begin at ✻ with 'Hoo-ray and up she rises' and is sung throughout in chorus, with no break, in quick time. According to Whall this was one of the two shanties allowed in the Royal Navy, where work had to be done in silence. The Merchant Service reply would be they had more men to do it.

55 WILL WATCH

KEY F

Boldly



Music by John Davy (who composed or arranged the *Bay of Biscay,*) words c. 1820 from a broadside. This song was popular both on land and in the Merchant Service.

1

'Twas one morn when the wind from the Nor'rard blew keenly,
While sullenly roared the big waves of the main,
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kissed his Sue, then serenely
Took helm and to sea boldly steered out again.
Will had promised his Sue that this trip if well ended,
Should coil up his hopes and he'd anchor on shore.
When his pockets were lined, why his life should be mended,
The laws he had broken he'd never break more.

2

His seaboat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reached the offing and cried,
'This night if I've luck furls the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay – serve a friend too beside.'
Will lay-to till the night came on darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail he then piped up each hand,
But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect un-cheery,
A signal that warned him to bear from the land.

3

'The Philistines are out!' cries Will, 'Take no heed on't;
Attacked! who's the man that will flinch from his gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't,
We'll fight while we can, when we can't, boys, we'll run.'
Thro' the haze of the night, a bright flash now appearing,
'Behold!' cries Will Watch, 'The Philistines bear down!
Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we think about sheering,
One broad-side pour in, boys, should we swim, boys, or drown?'

4

'But should I be popped off, you, my mates left behind me,
Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed;
Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid.'
Poor Will's yarn was spun out, for a bullet, next minute,
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more.
His bold crew fought the brig, while a shot remained in it,
Then sheered, and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

5

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with,
To few known his grave, to few known his end.
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the tears of his Susan and the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow,
Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold bed
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed lawless fellow,
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.

FRIVOLA

Many of the songs in this section have been included not on account of their musical or literary merit, but because they are good marching tunes—not tunes to which people are supposed to march, but tunes to which they actually do.

I have included some songs which I believe have not been published before. Many others have been left out because they are so well known that I have not thought it worth while to print them. Such are ' Cock Robin ', ' The Three Crows ', ' John Brown's Body ' in all its forms (including the ' donkey ' and ' grasshopper ' variations), ' One Man went to Mow ', ' Rolling On ', and many stirring songs and parodies of the war, whose words and tunes may be obtained by the curious from anyone who sang them then.

56 THE FOX

KEY A♭

Quickly and lightly

mp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

CHORUS

f

mf

1

A fox went out on a moonlight night
And he begged the moon to give him light,
For he'd a long way to go that night
Before he could reach his den-oh!

Chorus Den-oh, den-oh!
He'd a long way to go that night
Before he could reach his den-oh!

2

He came at last to the farmer's yard
Where the ducks and geese declared it hard
Their sleep should be broken and their rest be marred
By the visits of Mr. Fox-oh!

Chorus Fox-oh, Fox-oh,
Their sleep, etc.

This song appears to be known throughout the British Isles. The words and air are traditional: Halliwell printed a version in 1843, and Manx and West country variants have been published. These words and tune are an Irish form, kindly supplied to me by Miss Bond of Co. Longford.

3

He seized the grey goose by the sleeve—
Says he, 'Madam Goose, and by your leave,
I'll carry you off without reprieve
And take you home to my den-oh!'
Chorus Den-oh, den-oh,
I'll carry, etc.

4

He took the black duck by the neck
And flung her right across his back,
The duck she cried, Oh! quack, quack, quack!
And her legs hung dangling down-oh!
Chorus Down-oh, down-oh,
The duck, etc.

5

Then old Mrs. Slipper Slopper jumped out of bed
And out of the window popped her head,
'Oh! John! John! John! the grey goose is gone
And the fox is away to his den-oh!'
Chorus Den-oh, den-oh,
Oh! John, etc.

6

Then John he went up to the hill
And blew a blast both loud and shrill,
Says the fox, 'That's very pretty music, still
I'd rather be home in my den-oh!'
Chorus Den-oh, den-oh,
Says the fox, etc.

7

Then John he loaded his gun with lead
And shot the grey goose through the head,
The fox he laughed oh! ho, ho, ho
I'll come again in a day or so!
Chorus So-so, so-so,
The fox, etc.

8

At last the fox got home to his den
Where he had little ones, eight, nine, ten.
Says he you're in luck, here's a fine fat duck,
With her legs hanging dangling down-oh!
Chorus Down-oh, down-oh,
Says he, etc.

9

He then sat down with his hungry wife,
They did very well without fork or knife,
They never ate a better goose in all their life,
And the little ones picked the bones-oh!
Chorus Bones-oh, bones-oh,
They never ate, etc.

57 GUY FAWKES

KEY D

Very cheerfully, quickly

mp

CHORUS

rit. *fa tempo* *rit.*

1

I sing a doleful tragedy,
Guy Fawkes, that prince of sinisters,
Who once blew up the house of Lords,
The King and all his ministers;
That is, he would have blown 'em up,
And folks won't soon forget him:
His will was good to do the deed,
That is if they'd ha' let him.
Chorus Tow row row!
Tol de ridy, tol de ridy, tow row row!

2

Straightway he came from Lambeth side,
And wished the state was undone,
And crossing over Vauxhall bridge,
Came that way into London:
That is, he would have come that way,
To perpetrate his guilt, sir;
But the river was too wide to jump,
And the bridge, it wasn't built, sir.
Chorus Tow row row, etc.

A popular song of about 1825. The words and tune are taken from Chappell's *National English Airs*, 1840.

3

He sneaked into that dreary vault
At 'witching time o' night, sir,
Resolved to fire the powder train
With portable gaslight, sir!
That is, he would have used the gas,
But solely was prevented,
'Cause gas, you know, in James's time,
It wasn't then invented.
Chorus Tow row row, etc.

4

Now, James, you know, was always thought
To be a very sly fox,
So he bid 'em search th' aforesaid vault,
And there they found poor Guy Fawkes.
For that he meant to blow them up,
I think there's little doubt, sir,
That is, I mean, provided he
Had not ha' been found out, sir!
Chorus Tow row row, etc.

5

So, having caught him in the fact,
So very near the crown's end,
Away they sent to Bow-street,
For that famed old runner Townsend:
That is, they would have sent for him,
For fear he was no starter at,
But Townsend wasn't living then,
He wasn't born till arter that.
Chorus Tow row row, etc.

6

So, as he did not live that reign,
No folks knew aught about him,
And so they did the best they could,
That is, they did without him.
They quickly hung poor Guy aloft,
The gallows held him high, sir,
But, though it saved the parliament
'Twas gallows hard for Guy, sir.
Chorus Tow row row, etc.

7

Now let us sing long live the king,
And bless his royal son, sir;
And may he never be blown up!
That is, if he have one, sir.
For, if he has, he'll surely reign,
For so predicts my song, sir;
And if he don't, why then he won't,
And so I can't be wrong, sir.
Chorus Tow row row, etc.

58 IN THE FIELDS IN FROST AND SNOWS

KEY G minor

Lightly and quickly

SOLO

mp

CHORUS

p

cresc.

A

f

1

In the fields in frost and snows,
Watching late and early;
There I keep my father's cows,
There I milk 'em yearly:
Chorus Booing here, mooing there,
Here a boo, there a boo, everywhere a boo,
Oh! how free from care and strife
Is a charming country-life.

2

When the summer fleeces heap,
Watching late and early;
Then I shear my father's sheep,
Then I keep 'em yearly:
Chorus Baaing here, baaing there,
Here a baa, there a baa, everywhere a baa,
Oh! how free, etc.

Words and music from Thomas D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1719. This song gives the chorus a great chance to show its powers of imagination.

3

In the morning near the fens,
In the morning early;
There I feed my father's hens,
There I feed them yearly:
Chorus Cackle here, cackle there,
Here a cack, there a cack, everywhere a cack,
Oh! how free, etc.

4

In the morning with good speed,
In the morning early,
I my father's ducks do feed
In the morning early.
Chorus Quacking here, quacking there,
Here a quack, there a quack, everywhere a quack,
Oh! how free, etc.

5

Then at home amongst the fowls
Watching late and early,
There I tend my father's owls,
There I feed 'em yearly:
Chorus Whooing here, whooing there,
Here a whoo, there a whoo, everywhere a whoo,
Oh! how free, etc.

6

In the morning fair and fine,
In the morning early,
There I feed my father's swine,
There I feed them yearly.
Chorus Grunting here, grunting there,
Here a grunt, there a grunt, everywhere a grunt.
Oh! how free, etc.

7

In the morn at six of the clock,
In the morning early;
There I feed our turkey-cock,
There I feed him yearly.
Chorus Gobble gobble here, gobble gobble there,
Here a gobble, there a gobble, everywhere a gobble,
Oh! how free, etc.

59 GREEN BOTTLES

KEY F
March time

mf

Verses 1-9

(*whistled*)

Last verse

There were ten green bottles hanging on the wall,
Ten green bottles hanging on the wall.
And if one green bottle should accidently fall,
There'd be nine green bottles a-hanging on the wall.

There were nine green bottles hanging on the wall,
Nine green bottles hanging on the wall.
And if one green bottle should accidently fall,
There'd be eight green bottles a-hanging on the wall.

And so on to 'one green bottle'.
The last two lines of this verse are:

And if that green bottle should accidently fall,
There'd be nothing but the smell a-hanging on the wall.

Traditional North Country Song. This version is from Yorkshire.

60 IT WAS THE FROG IN THE WELL

KEY F

Quickly and lightly

SOLO CHORUS SOLO

p *pp*

SOLO CHORUS.

p *mf*

1 It was the frog in the well
Chorus Humbledum, humbledum,
And the merry mouse in the mill,
Chorus Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

2 The frog would a-wooing ride,
(Chorus each time as in v. 1.*)*
Sword and buckler by his side.

3 When he upon his high horse set,
His boots they shone as black as jet.

4 When he came to the merry mill-pin,
'Lady Mouse, be you within?'

5 Then came out the dusty mouse:
'I am the lady of this house:

6 Hast thou any mind of me?'
'I have e'en great mind of thee!'

7 'Who shall this marriage make?'
'Our Lord which is the rat?

8 'What shall we have to our supper?'
'Three beans in a pound of butter!'

9 When supper they were at
The frog, the mouse, and e'en the rat.

10 Then came in Gib our cat
And catched the mouse e'en by the back.

11 Then came in Dick our drake,
And drew the frog e'en to the lake.

12 The rat he ran up the wall,
A goodly company, the devil go with all!

Words (abridged) and tune from Ravenscroft's *Melismata*, 1611

61 LILLI BURLERO

KEY D

With a good swing

SOLO

CHORUS

mf

CHORUS

f

Ped. ✻

1

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lilli burlero, bullen a-la
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

2

Ho! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
And he will cut de Englishmens' troate,
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, etc.

This famous tune was probably written by Henry Purcell (1659-1695) and appears first, though not quite in the above form, in *Musick's Handmaid*, 1689. The original verses, some of which are given here, are a protest in pseudo Irish against King James II's nomination of General Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, to the Lieutenancy of Ireland in 1687. Talbot was unpopular because of his treatment of Protestants during the previous year, when he was only Lieutenant General. Everyone in England, soldiers and civilians, sang the song, and doggerel though the verses are, they were largely responsible for bringing about the Revolution of 1688. The tune was used as an Army quickstep for about seventy years, when it was abandoned to avoid giving offence to Irish Roman Catholic regiments.

Incidentally, one cannot but assume that people in 1687 had no trouble with their r's.

3

But if dispence do come from de pope,
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, etc.

4

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
And with brave lads is coming aboard.
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, etc.

5

Who all in France have taken a sware,
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Dat they will have no Protestant heir.
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, etc.

6

Arrah! but why does he stay behind?
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Ho! by my shoul 'tis a Protestant wind!
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, etc.

7

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
And we shall have commissions galore.
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, etc.

8

And he dat will not go to de mass,
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, etc.

9

Now, now de hereticks all go down,
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
By Chrish and Shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, etc.

10

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog,
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
'Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog.'
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, etc.

11

And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
For Talbot's de dog, and James is the ass.
Chorus Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, etc.

62 THE FARMER'S OLD WIFE

(Same tune)

1

There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,
(Chorus of whistlers)
And he had a bad wife as many knew well,
(Chorus of whistlers)
Then Satan came to the old man at the plough
(Chorus of whistlers)
'There's one of your family I must have now.'
(Chorus of whistlers)

2

'It is not your eldest son that I crave .....
But it is your old wife, and she I will have'.....
'O, welcome, good Satan! with all my heart .....
I hope you and she will never more part.'.....

3

Now Satan has got the old wife on his back.....
And he lugged her along like a pedlar's pack.....
He trudged away till they came to hell-gate.....
Says he 'Here take in an old Sussex chap's mate'.....

4

O! then how she kicked the young imps about!.....
Says one to the other 'Let's try turn her out'.....
She knocked the old Satan against the wall.....
'Let's try turn her out, or she'll murder us all!'.....

5

Now he's bundled her up on his back amain.....
And to her old husband he took her again.....
'I've been a tormentor the whole of my life.....
But I ne'er was tormented so as with your wife!'.....

This song, sung to the tune of 'Lilli burlero' is from J. H. Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Songs and Ballads of the Peasantry of England*, 1856. The song should be sung with great spirit, and the chorus, who whistle most of the lines that in the original song are sung to 'Lilli burlero, bullen a-la' should perform their part *fortissimo* and supply appropriate pantomime.

63 THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WENT UP IN A BASKET

(Same tune)

There was an old woman went up in a basket,
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon,
And where she was going I could not but ask it
Because in her hand she carried a broom.
'Old woman, old woman, old woman' said I,
'O where are you going and whither so high?'
'To sweep the cobwebs off the sky,
And I shall be back again bye-and-bye.'

The authorities differ as to the height the old woman reached compared with that of the moon, but ninety-nine times seems a reasonable figure.

64 MICHAEL FINNIGIN

KEY G

Quietly, quite seriously and confidentially
In quick-step time

pp

There was an old chap called Mi - chael Fin - ni - gin,

He grew whis - kers on his chin - i - gin, The wind came up and

Repeat until discouraged.

f *pp*

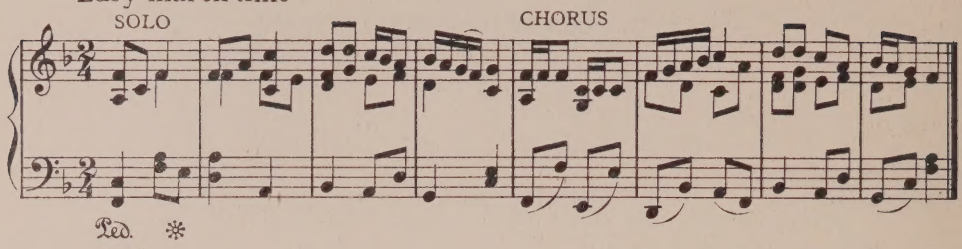
blew them in - i - gin, Poor old Mi - chael Fin - ni - gin, *Be - gin - i - gin.* There

I have never heard more than the one verse of this history, the origin of which is unknown to me. It ought to be sung without accompaniment.

65 NICKERNACKS

KEY F

Easy march time



1 This old man, he plays one,
He plays nickernacks on an old bone,
Chorus Nickernacks, Paddywhacks, give a dog a bone,
This old man comes toddling home.

2 This old man, he plays two,
He plays nickernacks on an old shoe,
Chorus Nickernacks, etc.

3 This old man, he plays three,
He plays nickernacks on an old tree,
Chorus Nickernacks, etc.

4 This old man, he plays four,
He plays nickernacks on an old door,
Chorus Nickernacks, etc.

5 This old man, he plays five,
He plays nickernacks on an old hive,
Chorus Nickernacks, etc.

6 This old man, he plays six,
He plays nickernacks on two sticks,
Chorus Nickernacks, etc.

7 This old man, he plays seven,
He plays nickernacks up in heaven,
Chorus Nickernacks, etc.

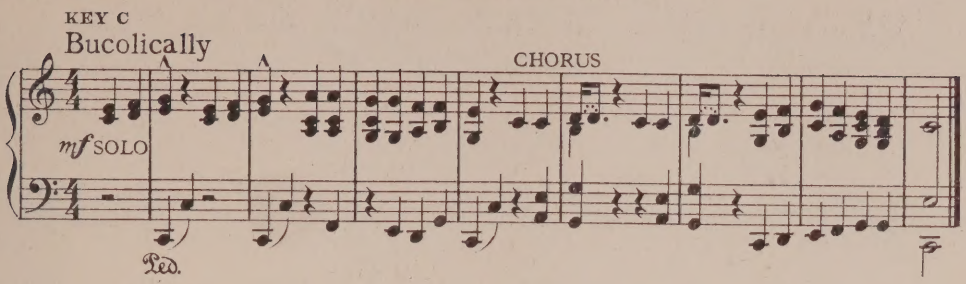
8 This old man, he plays eight,
He plays nickernacks on an old gate,
Chorus Nickernacks, etc.

9 This old man, he plays nine,
He plays nickernacks in an old mine,
Chorus Nickernacks, etc.

10 This old man, he plays ten,
He plays nickernacks on an old hen,
Chorus Nickernacks, etc.

I heard this when a boy in Furness, and believe it to be a Lancashire variant of this well-known song. It is best sung on the march, because in the more critical atmosphere of indoors, the old man's choice of drumheads may sound inconsequent.

66 OWD JOE BRADDLES



1 Number One, Number One,
Some likes cake and some likes bun,
Chorus Rum tum taddles, Owd Joe Braddles,
Eh! what country folk be we.

2 Number Two, Number Two,
They all likes me and some likes you.
Chorus Rum tum taddles, etc.

3 Number Three, Number Three,
Some likes you but they all like me.
Chorus Rum tum taddles, etc.

4 Number Four, Number Four,
Some likes a gate but I likes a door.
Chorus Rum tum taddles, etc.

5 Number Five, Number Five,
Some likes 'em dead but I likes 'em live.
Chorus Rum tum taddles, etc.

6 Number Six, Number Six,
Some likes posts but I likes sticks.
Chorus Rum tum taddles, etc.

7 Number Seven, Number Seven,
Is just the same as Number Eleven.
Chorus Rum tum taddles, etc.

8 Number Eight, Number Eight,
I likes a door but some likes a gate.
Chorus Rum tum taddles, etc.

9 Number Nine, Number Nine,
Some likes ale but I likes wine.
Chorus Rum tum taddles, etc.

10 Number Ten, Number Ten,
Some likes a cock but I likes a 'en.
Chorus Rum tum taddles, etc.

11 Number Eleven, Number Eleven
Is just the same as Number Seven.
Chorus Rum tum taddles, etc.

By permission of Mr. John Goss, from the *Week-End Song Book.*

67 OF ALL THE BIRDS THAT EVER I SEE

Duet and Chorus

KEY F

Jovially

1st VOICE

mf Of all the birds that ev - er I see, The

owl is fair - est in her de - gree. For all the day long she

1st VOICE

sits in a tree, And when the night comes a - way flies she. *p* To -

2nd VOICE 1st VOICE 2nd VOICE

- whit! To - whoo! To whom drinkst thou? Sir Knave, to

Words and tune from the set called *King Henry's Mirth or Freemens' Songs*, in Thomas Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609.

CHORUS

you! —— *f* This song is well sung I make you a vow, And

he is a knave that drink - eth now. 2nd VOICE Nose, nose, *mf*

jol - ly red nose! And who gave thee that jol - ly red nose?

1st VOICE Cin - na-mon, gin-ger, nut-megs and cloves, And CHORUS that gave {thee thy / me my} jol - ly red nose!

mf *rit.* - - - - *ff*

Repeat if desired.
There are no more verses.

68 OLD KING COLE (1st tune)

KEY F MINOR

Happily and fairly quickly

mf

Ped.

Ped.

After 1st verse repeat as often as necessary.

Extra note verse 1 only

Traditional words and tune from W. Chappell's *English National Airs*, 1840.

1

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Ev'ry fiddler he had a fine fiddle,
A very fine fiddle had he;
Then twee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddler,
(imitating the fiddle)
And so merry we'll all be.

2

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his harpers three.
Ev'ry harper he had a fine harp,
And a very fine harp had he;
Then twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang, went the harper,
(imitating the harp)
Twee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddler,
And so merry we'll all be.

In the third verse Old King Cole calls for his pipers three, and the words are the same as before, except the change of the word fiddle or harp for pipe:

Then tootle, tootle too, tootle too, went the piper,
Twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang, went the harper,
Tweedle, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddler,
And so merry we'll all be.

In the fourth verse he calls for his drummers three:

Then rub-a-dub, a dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummer, etc.

And thus in each verse the strain, with the line, 'Twee, tweedle dee' etc. is repeated as often as the imitation of the different instruments may require.

69 OLD KING COLE (2nd tune)

KEY G

In easy march time

mf

Repeat as often as necessary.

mp cresc. sempre

Ped. ✻

ff

8ves

This modern version, though musically much inferior to the old tune, is a better one for marching purposes. The same words may be used, or these given below, which were popular both before and during the War. It will be observed that the Army of King Cole did not include any ranks between those of private and sergeant, and that after a coloneley promotion was vague.

1

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his privates three.
Now every private had a very fine thirst,
And a very fine thirst had he;
'Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer!' said the privates,
And three merry men are we!
For there's none so rare as can compare
With the..... (Regiment, or school O.T.C. according to taste or conviction.)

2

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his sergeants three.
Now every sergeant had a very loud voice,
And a very loud voice had he;
'Move to the right in fours!' said the sergeants,
'Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer!' said the privates,
And three merry men are we!
For there's none, etc.

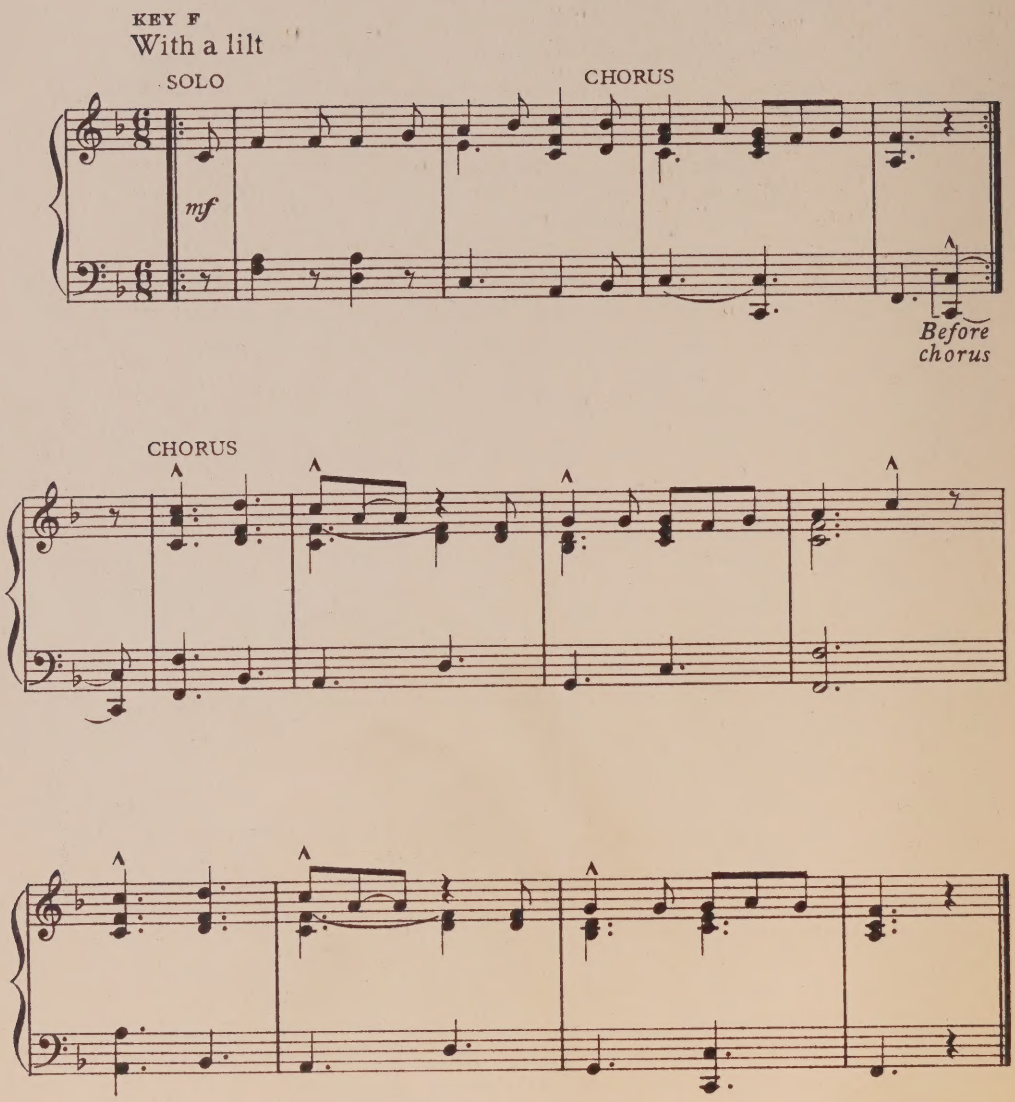
King Cole calls for other ranks, whose attributes may be summarized as follows:

Now every subaltern had a fine grouse,
Now every captain was a hard-worked man,
Now every adjutant had a restive horse,
Now every major had a fine big swear,
Now every colonel had a very sore head,
Now every general had two red tabs.

Each verse works backwards from the rank just mentioned to the first, so that the last one runs:

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his generals three.
Now every general had two red tabs,
And two red tabs had he;
'We're all very great men,' said the generals,
'What's the next word of command?' said the colonels,
'Blankety-blankety blank!' said the majors,
'Won't anyone hold my horse?' said the adjutants,
'We want three months' leave!' said the captains,
'We do all the work,' said the subalterns,
'Move to the right in fours!' said the sergeants,
'Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer!' said the privates,
And three merry men are we!
For there's none so rare as can compare
With the.....

70 ONE MORE RIVER



One of the many variants of this excellent Marching Song.

1

The animals went in one by one,
Chorus There's one more river to cross.
The elephant chewing a carraway bun,
Chorus There's one more river to cross.
One more river, and that's the river to Jordan,
One more river, and that's the river to cross.

2

The animals went in two by two,
Chorus There's one more, etc.
The crocodile and the kangaroo,
Chorus There's one more, etc.

3

The animals went in three by three,
Chorus There's one more, etc.
The tall giraffe and the tiny flea,
Chorus There's one more, etc.

4

The animals went in four by four,
Chorus There's one more, etc.
The big hippopotamus stuck in the door,
Chorus There's one more, etc.

5

The animals went in five by five,
Chorus There's one more, etc.
The bees mistook the bear for a hive,
Chorus There's one more, etc.

6

The animals went in six by six,
Chorus There's one more, etc.
The monkey was up to his usual tricks,
Chorus There's one more, etc.

7

The animals went in seven by seven,
Chorus There's one more, etc.
Said the ant to the antelope 'Who are you shovin'?'
Chorus There's one more, etc.

8

The animals went in eight by eight,
Chorus There's one more, etc.
Some were early and some were late,
Chorus There's one more, etc.

9

The animals went in nine by nine,
Chorus There's one more, etc.
They all formed fours and marched in a line,
Chorus There's one more, etc.

10

The animals went in ten by ten,
Chorus There's one more, etc.
If you want any more you must sing it again,
Chorus There's one more, etc.

71 POSSUM

(The Opossum and the Racoon)

KEY C

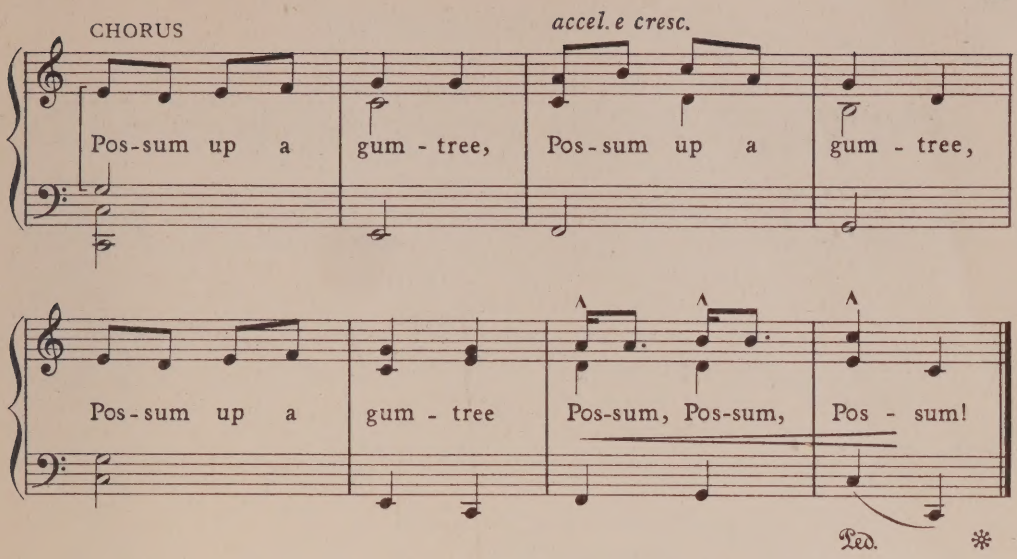
Quickly and lightly

SOLO

mp

rit.

Words from a 'genuine negro song', popular in this country c. 1820. No tune could be traced, so this is home-made.



1

Opossum up a gum-tree,
His tail his body follow.
Lacoon quickly see him
Looking out of hollow,
Pull him by de long tail,
Opossum squall, opossum squall;
Lacoon stick t' his long tail;
Him louder squeak, him louder squeak.
Chorus Possum up, etc.

2

Opossum him look shy now;
Lacoon grin, lacoon grin,
Opossum wink his eye now,
Move him chin, move him chin.
Opossum down him tumble
From the tree, from the tree,
And when him 'gin to grumble,
Lacoon he laughs he! he! he! he!
Chorus Possum up, etc.

3

Black boy love Till Jenkins,
Tink he'll wed, tink he'll wed;
Massa chide him tinking,
Beat him head, beat him head.
Black boy him love rum, too,
Make him groggy, make him groggy,
But massa make him come to
When him floggy, when him floggy.
Chorus Possum up, etc.

72

ROBINSON CRUSOE

KEY D

With a lilt

SOLO

mp *lightly*

CHORUS

f

1 When I was a lad
I had cause to be sad,
My grandfather then I did lose, O.
I'll bet you a can
That you've heard of the man,
For they christened him Robinson Crusoe.

Chorus O! Robinson Crusoe, O poor Robinson Crusoe!
Tang a tang ting, O tang a tang ting,
Un*for*tunate Robinson Crusoe!

2 You'll have read in a book
Of a voyage he took,
And the way that the hurricane blew so,
That the ship with a shock
Bounded plump on a rock,
Nearly drowning poor Robinson Crusoe

Chorus O! Robinson Crusoe, etc.

The origin of this old tune is unknown. Chappell in his *National English Airs*, 1840, says it may date from the time of James II. It carried many sets of verses to popularity, among them Charles Dibdin's *Tight little Island*. These words (slightly altered) come from the *Universal Songster*, 1825.

3 Poor soul! none but he
Remained on the sea
Ah! cruel Fate, how could you do so?
Till ashore he was thrown
On an island unknown–
Disconsolate Robinson Crusoe
Chorus O! Robinson Crusoe, etc.

4 But he saved from aboard
An old gun and a sword
And another odd matter or two, so
That by dint of his thrift
He just managed to shift
And keep life in poor Robinson Crusoe.
Chorus O! Robinson Crusoe, etc.

5 And he happened to save
From the merciless wave
A poll parrot, I assure you 'tis true, so
That when he'd come home
From a wearisome roam
She'd welcome poor Robinson Crusoe.
Chorus O! Robinson Crusoe, etc.

6 He got all the wood
From wherever he could
And he stuck it together with glue, so
That he made him a hut,
Into which he might put
The belongings of Robinson Crusoe.
Chorus O! Robinson Crusoe, etc.

7 And then his man Friday
Kept the hut neat and tidy,
To be sure 'twas his business to do so;
They lived friendly together
Less like servant than brother,
Man Friday and Robinson Crusoe.
Chorus O! Robinson Crusoe, etc.

8 Till at last came a sail
Which approached within hail,
Then he took to his little canoe, so
That on reaching the ship
He was given a trip
To the country of Robinson Crusoe.
Chorus O! Robinson Crusoe, etc.

73 THE SWAZI WARRIOR

KEY D

SOLO (shouted) ALL

[One two three four] Kim-a - li-o Kim-a-li-o war! Hold him

f *fff*

down, the Swa - zi war - ri - or, Hold him

8ve below if possible

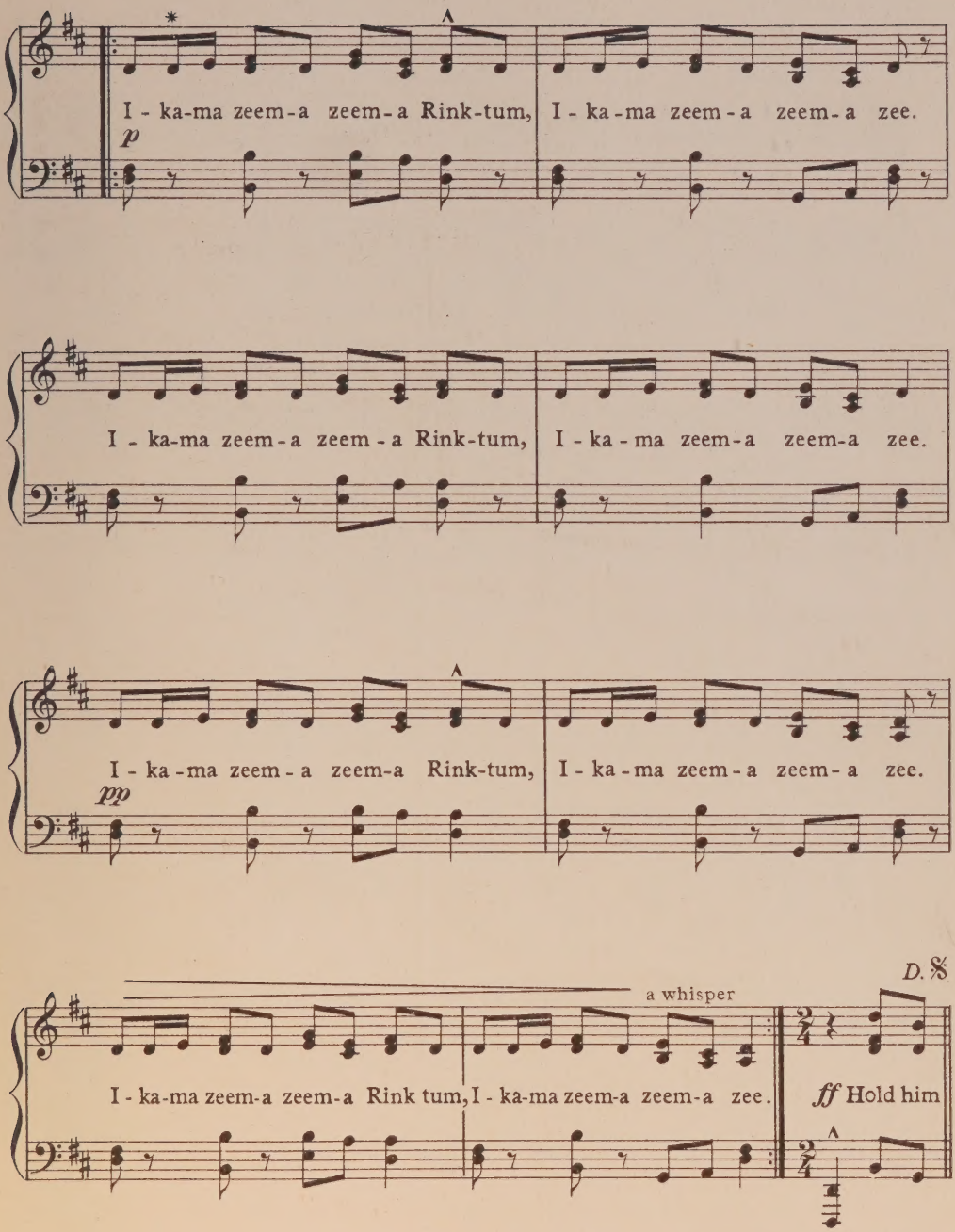
down, the Swa-zi King, Hold him down the Swa-zi

war - ri - or, Hold him down, the Swa - zi King. *Fine*

Ped. ✻

This prince of marching songs appears to be a relic of the Zulu War. It was sung by old N. C. O's of the 2nd Batt. East Lancashire Regiment in 1914-5 and became very popular with all ranks.
I am indebted for the song to my friends Mr. T. Staveley and Mr. P. L. Bathurst, both of Tonbridge School, who served with the East Lancashires.

The song really begins with the Kimalio, the 'Kim' coming just after the right foot; 1, 2, 3, 4, are 'cautionary words' to be used until everyone knows his cue.
The success of the song depends largely upon the diminuendo at the end of the repeat (Zeema Zee); and the great stamp with the *left* foot, to fill the crotchet rest which separates this section from 'Hold him down', which of course begins on the right foot.



* The semiquavers in the voice part should not be played on the piano.

74 THE TREE ON THE HILL

KEY G

Happily.

mf

Ped. ✻

Repeat as necessary, getting faster and faster

[Play only two quaver chords in each bar.]

CHORUS

fff *tempo* (And *rit.* *mf* the *tempo* green grass, etc.

Octaves

cresc. *rit.* *ff tempo*

A Furness variant of this well-known cumulative song. Its effect depends firstly upon the ability of the soloist gradually to quicken the pace as his 'patter' lines increase, and secondly upon the good will of the chorus, whose entry at 'And' should be cataclysmic. It is a carousal rather than a marching song.

There was a tree upon a hill,
The finest tree you ever did see,
And the tree was on the hill,
And the hill stood still,
AND.....
The green grass grew all around, my boys,
The green grass grew all around,
The green grass grew all around, my boys,
And the green grass grew all around.

There was a bough upon that tree,
The finest bough you ever did see,
And the bough was on the tree,
And the tree was on the hill,
And the hill stood still,
AND.....
The green grass grew all around, my boys,
The green grass grew all around,
The green grass grew all around, my boys,
And the green grass grew all around.

Then a branch, a twig, a leaf, a nest, a bird, a wing, a feather are added verse by verse, so that eventually we have

There was a feather upon that wing,
The finest feather you ever did see,
And the feather was on the wing,
And the wing was on the bird,
And the bird was on the nest,
And the nest was on the leaf,
And the leaf was on the twig,
And the twig was on the branch,
And the branch was on the bough,
And the bough was on the tree,
And the tree was on the hill,
And the hill stood still,
AND.....
The green grass grew all around, my boys,
The green grass grew all around,
The green grass grew all around, my boys,
And the green grass grew all around.

This however need not be the last verse: the length of the song depends entirely on the singer's powers of invention and the amount of his breath.

ROUNDS

A BOAT, A BOAT, UNTO THE FERRY

3 voices

JOHN JENKINS
1592 - 1678

75

mp

A boat, a boat, un - to the fer - ry, For we'll go

o - ver to be mer - ry, And laugh and sing, and drink old sher- [-ry.]

CHAIRS TO MEND or OXFORD CRIES

3 voices

Dr. HAYES
Professor of Music, Oxford, 1776

76

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, rush or cane bot-tom, old

chairs to mend, old chairs to mend. New mac - ke - rel, new mac - ke - rel,

New mac-ke-rel, new mac-ke-rel, Old rags, an - y old rags, take

mon - ey for your old rags, An - y hare skins or rab-bit skins.

COME TO DINNER

4 voices

Anon.

77

Come to din-ner, come to din-ner, There's the bell! There's the bell!
(or) Frè - re Jac-ques, Frè - re Jac-ques, Dor - mez vous? Dor - mez vous?

Ba-con and po-ta-toes, ba-con and po-ta - toes, Ding dong Dell, Ding dong Dell.
Son-nez les ma-ti - nes, son-nez les ma-ti - nes, Bim Bam Boum! Bim Bam Boum!

† Wherever this sign appears a fresh voice enters, starting always at the beginning.

FIE, NOW, PRITHEE JOHN

3 voices

HENRY PURCELL
1659 - 1695

78

Fie, now, pri - thee John, Do not quar - rel, man,

Let's be mer-ry and drink a - bout. You're a rogue, you cheat-ed me! I'll

prove be-fore this com - pa - ny, I Caren't a far - thing, Sir, for all you

are so stout! Sir, you lie: I scorn your word! or an-y man that wears a sword, For

all your huff who cares a blow, and who cares for you?

GAPING CATCH

3 voices

Dr. HARRINGTON 1797
Mayor of Bath

79

'Tis hum - drum, 'tis mum, mum; what? no - bo-dy speak? Here's

one looks ve - ry wise and an - o - ther rubs his eyes, Then

stretch - es yawns and cries, Heigh! Ho! Hum!

GREAT TOM IS CAST

3 voices

DEAN ALDRICH, 1690
(Musician, divine, architect, smoker, and Dean of Christ Church)

80

Great Tom is cast, and Christ Church bells ring

1 2 3 4 5 6 and Tom comes last.

Great Tom, affectionately known as 'Tom', is the bell at Christ Church, Oxford. He weighs over seven tons, and rings 101 times at 9.5 each evening, thus at the one time tolling curfew, and telling the number of Students in Wolsey's original foundation.

HARK! THE BONNY CHRIST CHURCH BELLS.

3 voices

Original key C

DEAN ALDRICH

81

Hark! the bon-ny Christ Church bells, One two three four five

six. They sound so won-drous great, so charm-ing sweet, And they

toll so mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly. Hark! the first and

sec-ond bell That ev-'ry day at four and ten Cries

come come come come come to prayers, And the ver-ger trips be-

-fore the Dean. Tin-gle, tin-gle ting goes the small bell at nine To

call the bear-ers home, But th' devil a man will

leave his can Till he hears the might-y Tom.

HOLD THY PEACE

3 voices

Anon

Catch in *Twelfth Night,* 16th cent.

82

Hold thy peace and I pri-thee hold thy peace,

Thou knave, Hold thy peace thou knave, Thou knave.

HOT SPICE GINGERBREAD

3 voices

18th cent. *Anon.*

83

Hot___ spice gin-ger-bread, Ho! come buy my hot gin-ger-bread

smok - ing hot!___ Hot___ spice gin-ger-bread, Ho! come

buy my hot gin-ger-bread smok-ing hot!___ Who's for a ha-'porth of hot

gin-ger-bread, Ho! Smok-ing, smok-ing hot!___

LET'S HAVE A PEAL

9 voices

18th cent. *Anon*

84

Let's have a peal for John Cook's soul, For he was a

ve - ry, ve - ry hon - est man, An hon - est man.

This will sound best if sung in nine parts—one entering at each bar; but if sung in three or four parts only (each part entering where it likes) the result will be satisfying.

LOOK, NEIGHBOURS, LOOK! ('Sung by three old women round a new-made grave')

3 voices

1730? HARRINGTON

85

Look, neigh-bours, look! Here lies poor Thom-as Day,

Dead and turned to clay. Does he sure? what! *Young* Thom-as

What! *old* Thom-as, what! *old* Thom-as, Lack, lack-a-

day! Poor soul! No! No! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye!

MY DAME HATH A LAME TAME CRANE

4 voices

17th cent. *Anon*

86

My dame hath a lame tame crane, My dame hath a crane that is lame.

Pray, gen-tle Jane, let my dame's lame tame crane Feed and come home a-gain.

SUMER IS I-CUMEN IN

Rota or round for four upper voices and a 'pes' of two voices.

? JOHN of FONSETE, c. 1225
possibly of Reading Abbey
(British Museum, Harleian MSS. 798)

Original key F.

87

Merrily.

Old. Sum-er is i cum-en in, Lhu-de sing cu-cu;
Modern. Sum-mer is a com-ing in loud-ly sing cuc-koo;

Grow-eth sed and blow-eth med and springth the wud e-nu,
Grow-eth seed and blow-eth mead and spring-eth wood a-new:

Sing cu-cu, A-we blet-eth af-ter lamb, Lhouth af-ter cal-ve
Sing cuc-koo. Ewe bleat-eth af-ter lamb, loweth af-ter calf the

cu, Bul-loc ster-teth, buck-e ver-teth, Mu-rie sing Cu-cu cu-cu
cow, Bul-lockstart-eth, buck re-vert-eth Mer-ry sing cuc-koo Cuc-koo,

cu-cu wel sing-es thu cu-cu Ne swik thu na-ver nu.
cuc-koo will sing-est thou cuc-koo Nor cease thou nev-er now

These two bass parts sing continuously

Sing cu-cu nu, sing cu-cu.

Sing cu-cu, sing cu-cu nu.

This famous and remarkable composition, written two centuries before its time, is still one of the jolliest spring songs ever written. (sterteth=jumps, verteth=seeks the green fern.)

WHITE SAND AND GREY SAND.

3 voices

18th cent. *Anon.*

88

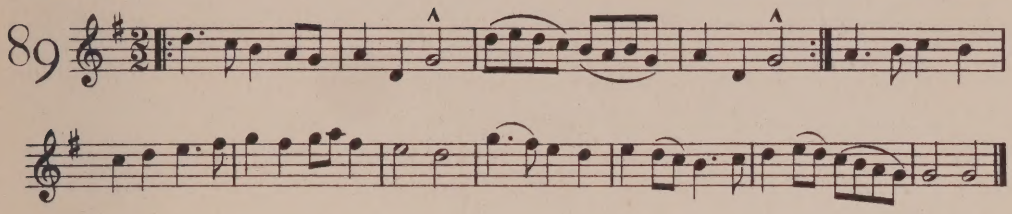
White sand and grey sand, Who'll buy my grey sand, who'll buy my grey sand?

FIDDLE TUNES

AMARYLLIS

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

89

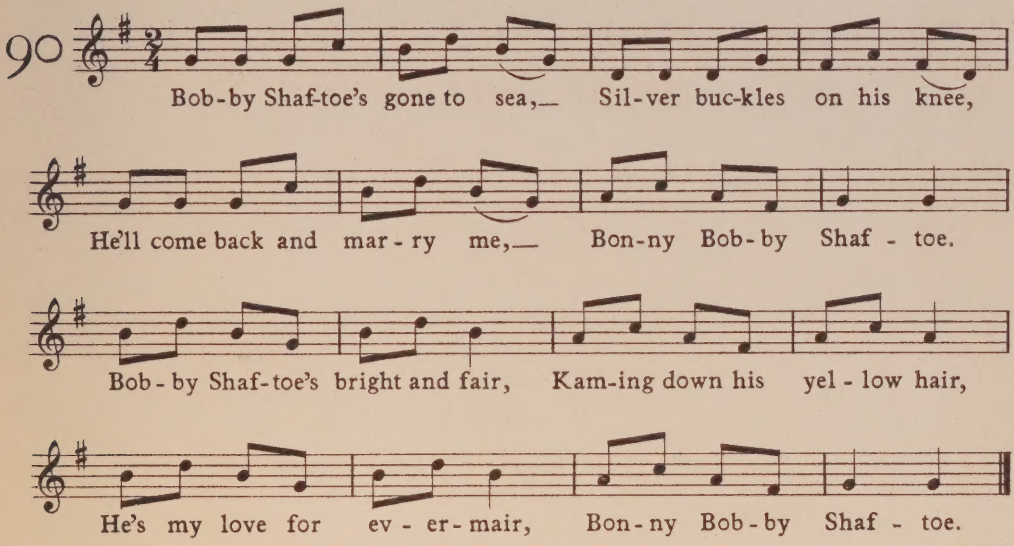


Playford's *Dancing Master* is a collection of traditional English and Scots dance tunes, printed on a single line for the fiddle, with instructions beneath for the steps of the dance. It appeared in editions from 1651 to 1703, each differing slightly from the others.

BOBBY SHAFTOE

Traditional Northumbrian tune from
E. F. RIMBAULT. *Nursery Rhymes*, 1844

90

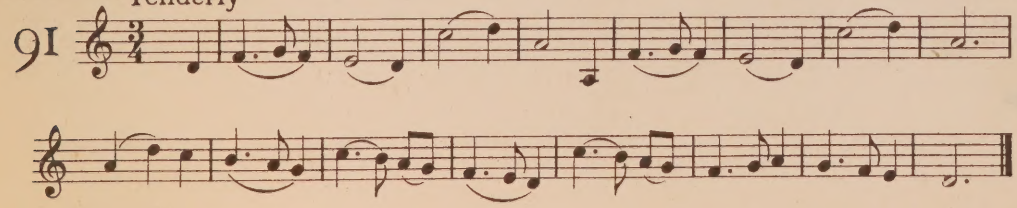


BONNY SWEET ROBIN

FitzWilliam Virginal Book, c. 1612

Tenderly

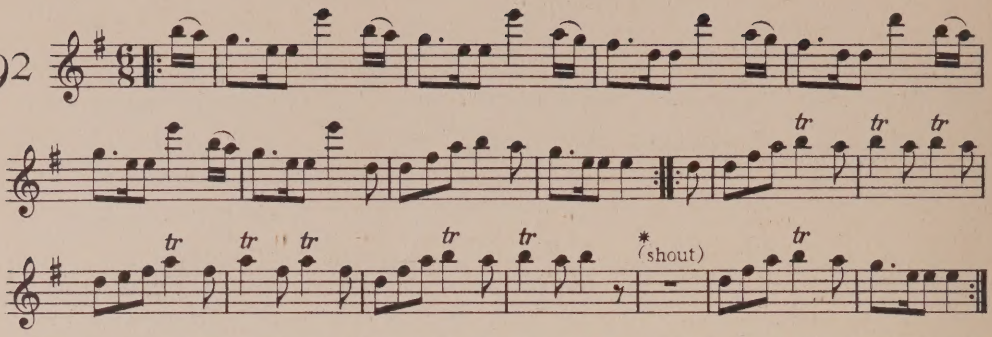
91



BRIAN BORU

Traditional Irish Jig

92



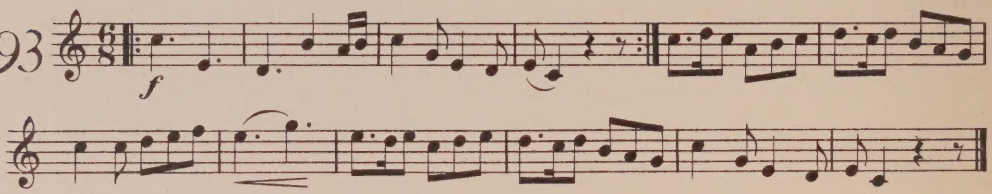
This was played by the Drums of the Irish Guards as they marched over Cologne Bridge, 1918. It is an admirable marching tune, and one that gives both band and troops an opportunity. The 'shout' at *, during the silent bar, is a loud 'Hi.'

I am indebted to Mr. H. J. FitzGerald, of Tonbridge School, late Drum-Major, Irish Guards, for the tune.

THE BUFF COAT

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

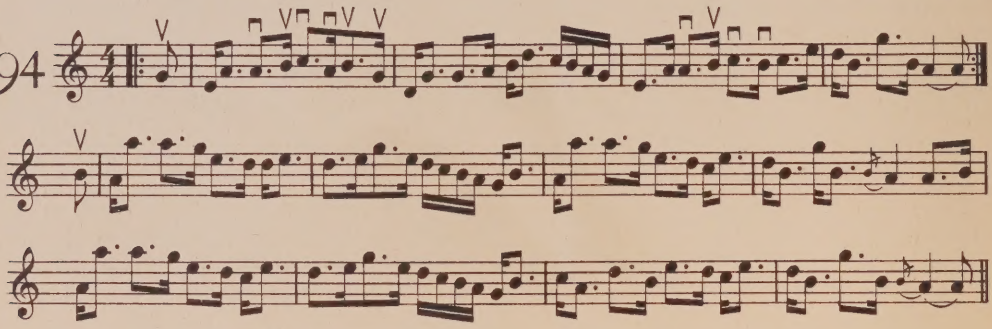
93



CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

Scots Strathspey

94

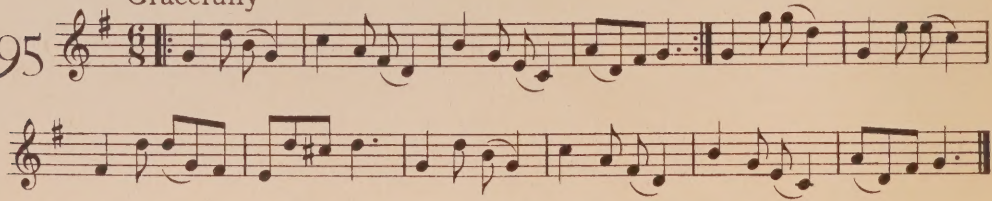


CEASE YOUR FUNNING

The Beggar's Opera, 1728

Gracefully

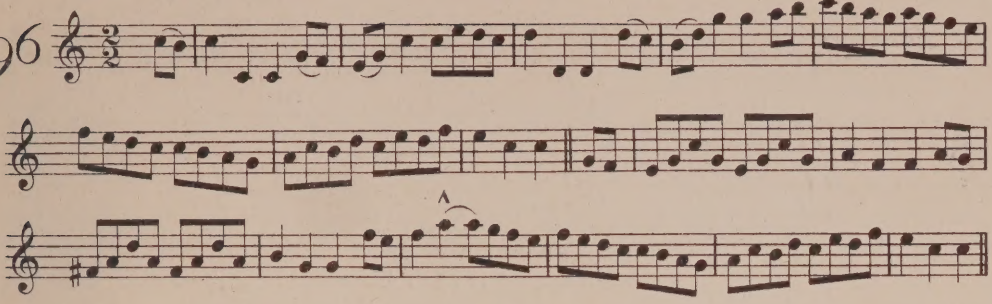
95



COLLEGE HORNPIPE

? 1750 Printed by Wm. Chappell, 1855

96

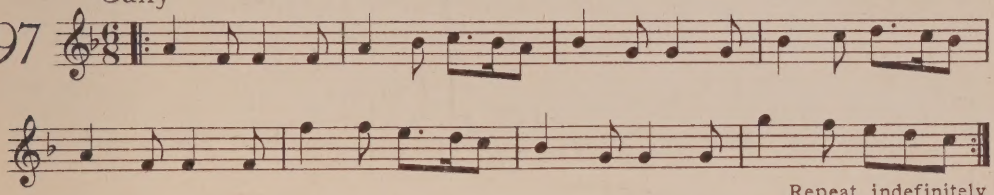


DARGASON

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*, 1650

Gaily

97

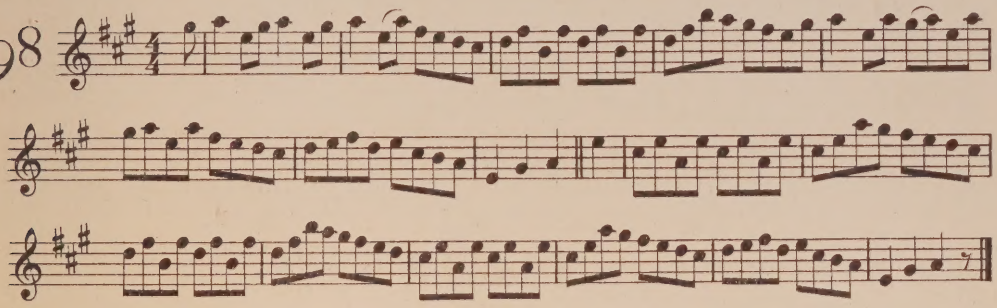


Repeat indefinitely

THE DEIL AMANG THE TAILORS

Scots Reel

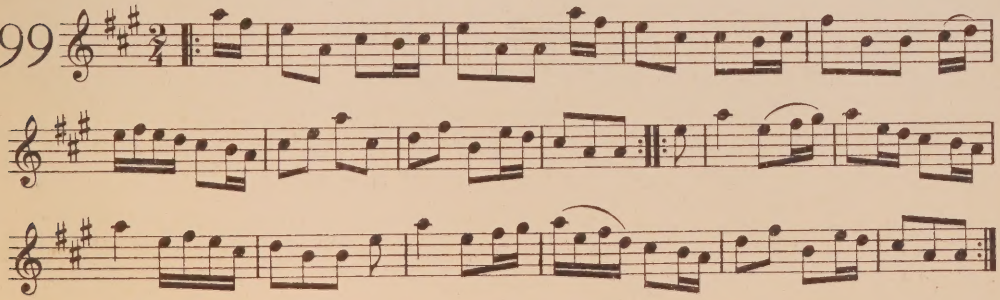
98



DORNOCH LINKS

Highland Air

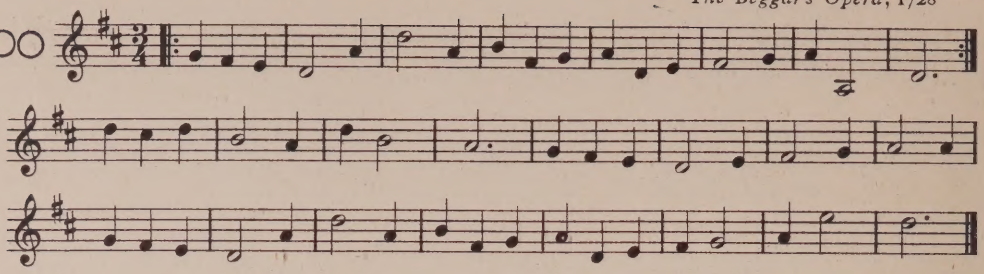
99



FILL EVERY GLASS

Traditional English Air used in *The Beggar's Opera*, 1728

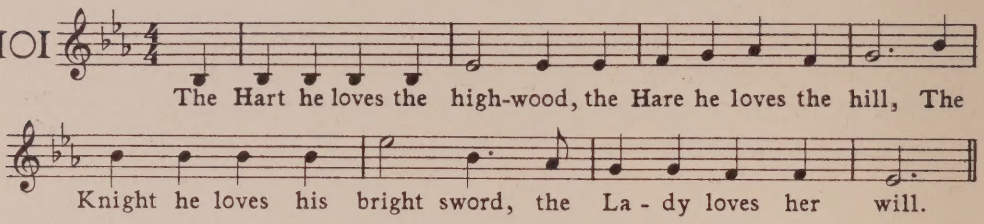
100



THE FOUR LOVES

E. F. RIMBAULT. *Nursery Rhymes*, 1844

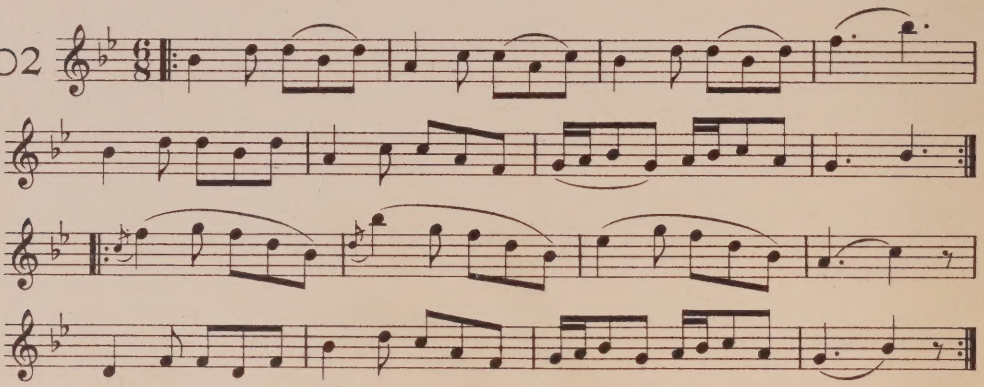
101



FOURPENCE HALFPENNY FARTHING

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

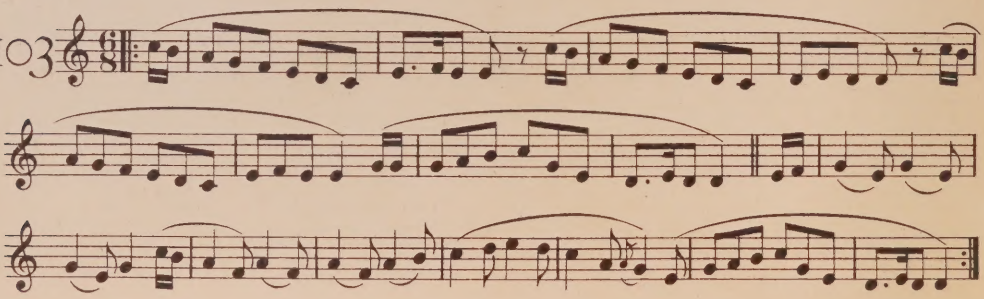
102



GARRY OWEN

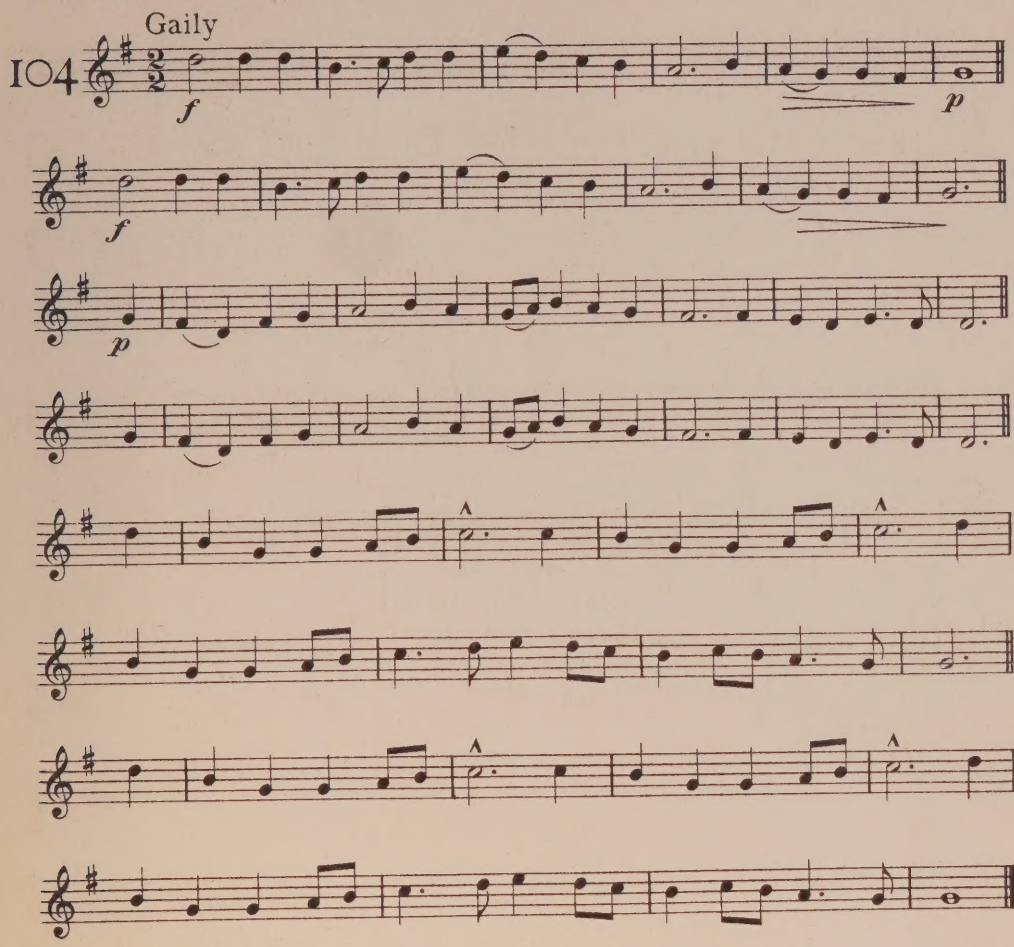
Irish Jig

103



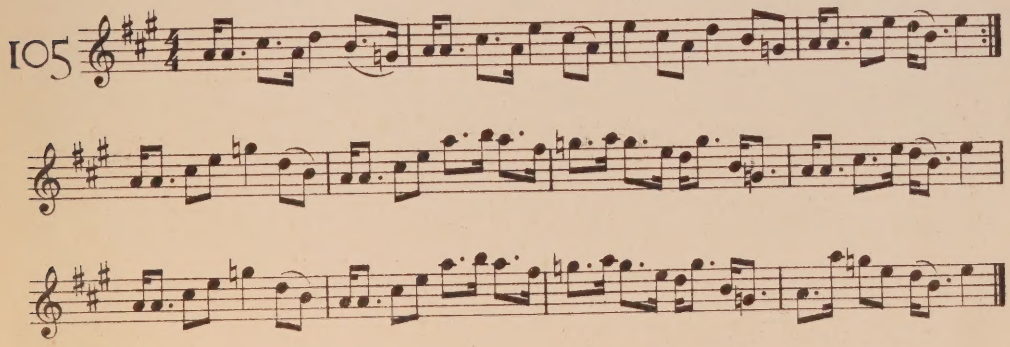
GATHERING PEASCODS

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*



GILLIE CULLAN

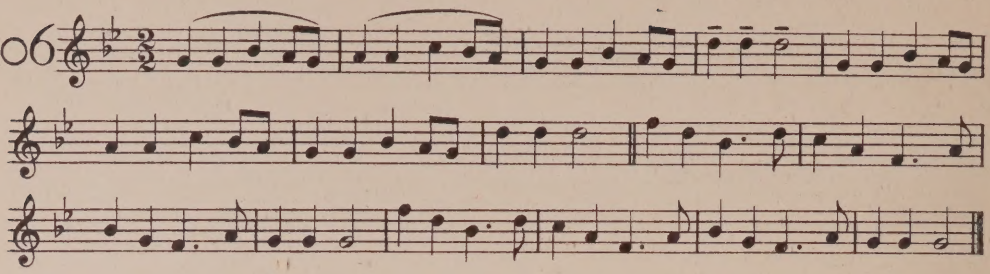
Scots Strathspey



GODDESSES, or QUODLING'S DELIGHT

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

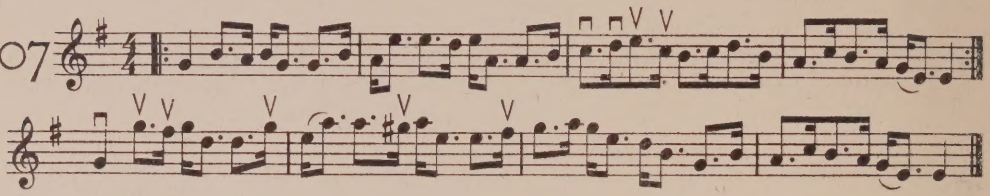
106



GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O

Traditional Scots Air

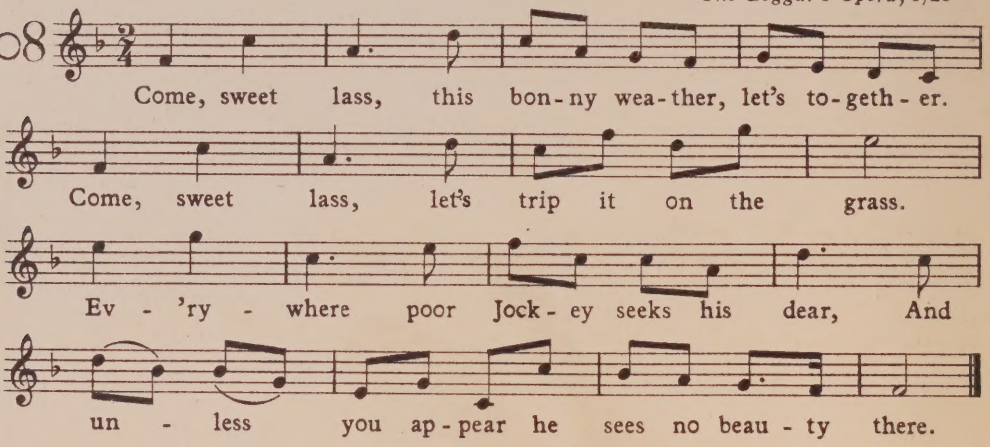
107



GREENWICH PARK, or COME, SWEET LASS

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*
The Beggar's Opera, 1728

108

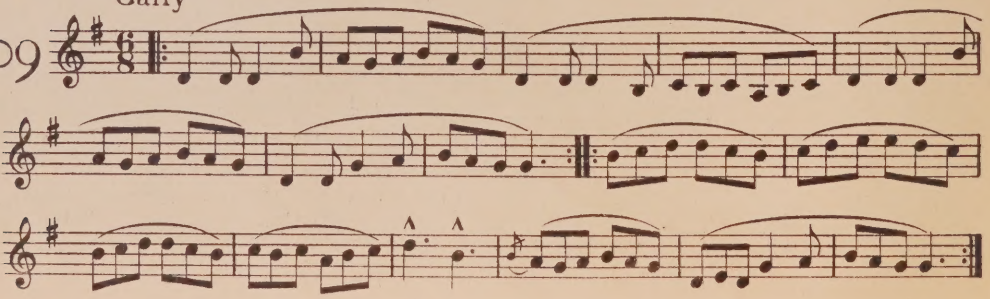


HASTE TO THE WEDDING

Irish Jig

Gaily

109



HAVE YOU HEARD OF A FROLICSOME DITTY, or HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER

The Beggar's Opera, 1728

110

How hap-py could I be with ei-ther, were t'other dear charm-er a-way. But
fol-de-rol, fol-de-rol-i-do, O fol-de-rol-rol-de-rol-ay, O

while you thus teaze me to-geth-er To nei-ther a word will I say. O
fol-de-rol, rol-de-rol-i-do, O fol-de-rol-rol-de-rol-ay.

HOW BLEST ARE SHEPHERDS

HENRY PURCELL

Quickly

111

HUNT THE SQUIRREL

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

Merrily

112

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE PAPER

Traditional Nursery Rhyme

113

If all the world were pa - per and

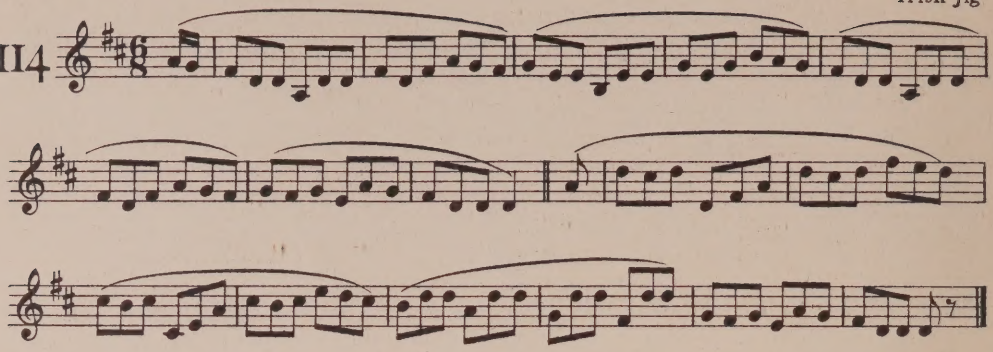
all the seas were ink; And all the trees were

bread and cheese, what should we do for drink?

THE IRISH WASHERWOMAN

Irish Jig

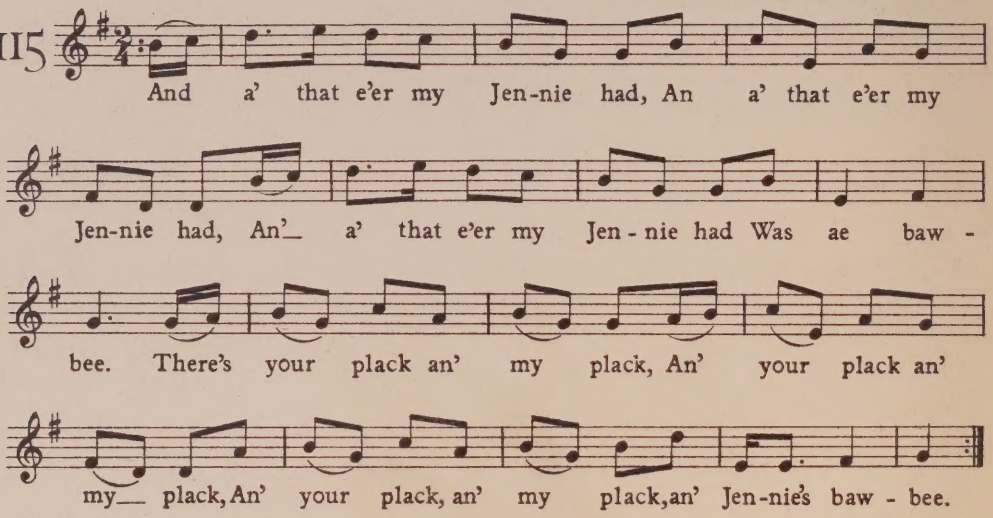
114



JENNIE'S BAWBEE

Glasgow street cries from
ROBERT CHAMBERS' *Scotch Songs*

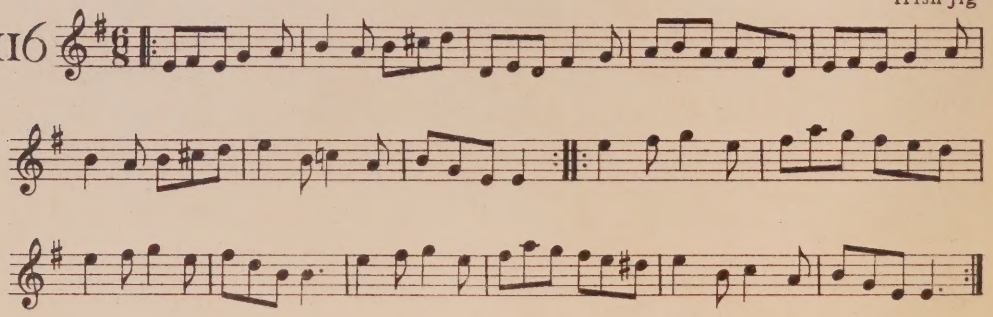
115



LANNAGAN'S BALL

Irish Jig

116



LET US TAKE THE ROAD, the march from *Rinaldo*, G. F. Handel

The Beggar's Opera, 1728

117

Let us take the road, Hark! I hear the sound of

coach-es, The hour of at-tack ap-proach-es, To your arms, brave boys, and

load, See the ball I hold, Let Chy-mists toil like

ass-es, Our fire their fire sur-pass-es And turns our lead to gold.

LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN

Traditional Nursery Rhyme

118

Lon-don Bridge is bro-ken down, Dance o-ver my La-dy Ley.

Lon-don Bridge is bro-ken down, with a fair la-dy.

LONDON IS A FINE TOWN

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

119

Repeat

Last time

THE LONDONDERRY AIR.

Traditional Irish Lament

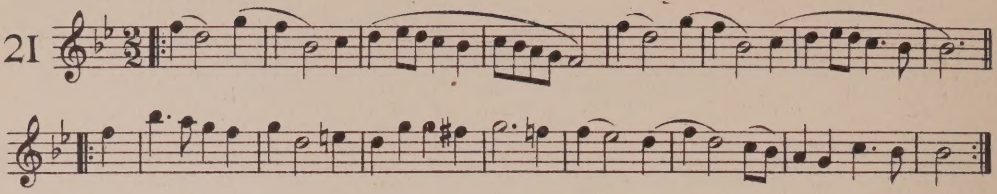
Quietly

120

MAD ROBIN

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

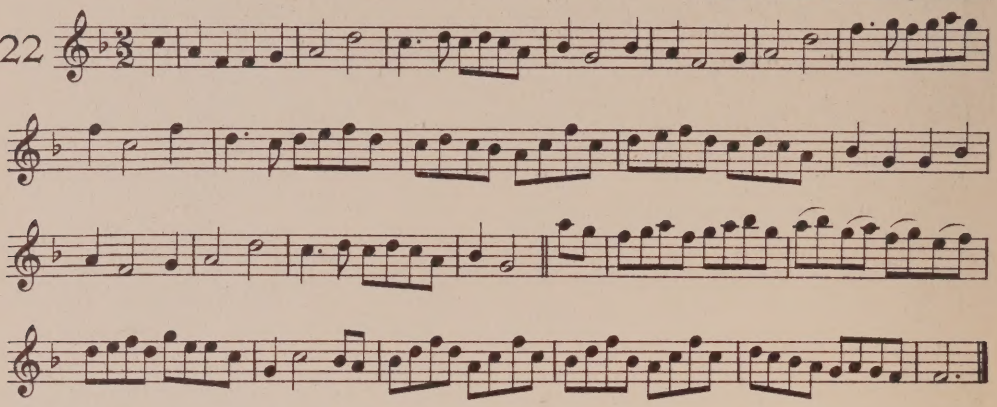
121



Mr. YOUNG'S DELIGHT

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

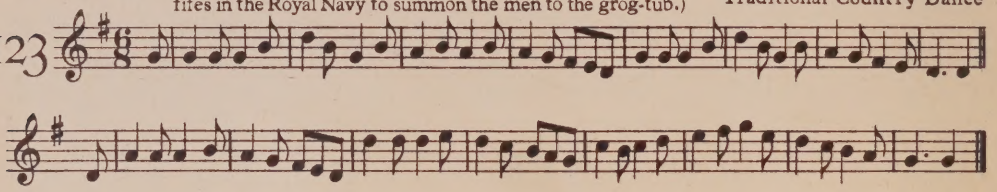
122



NANCY DAWSON (One of the tunes which used to be played by the fifes in the Royal Navy to summon the men to the grog-tub.)

Traditional Country Dance

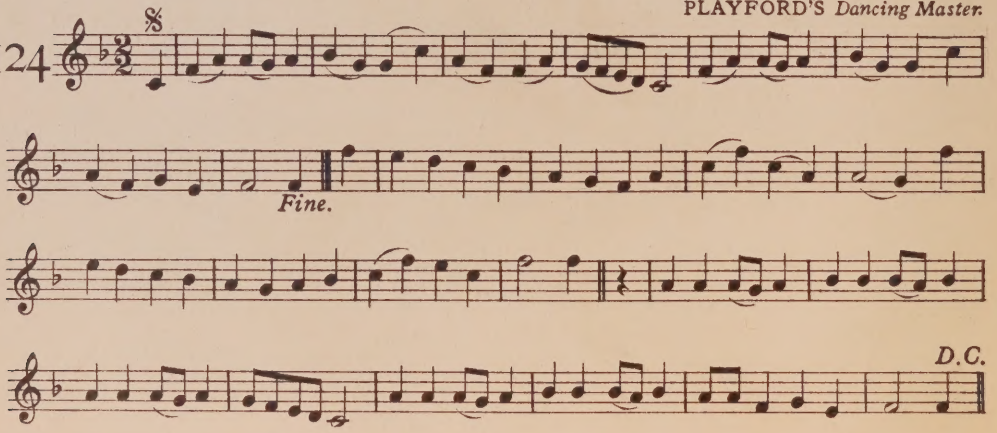
123



NANCY'S FANCY

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master.*

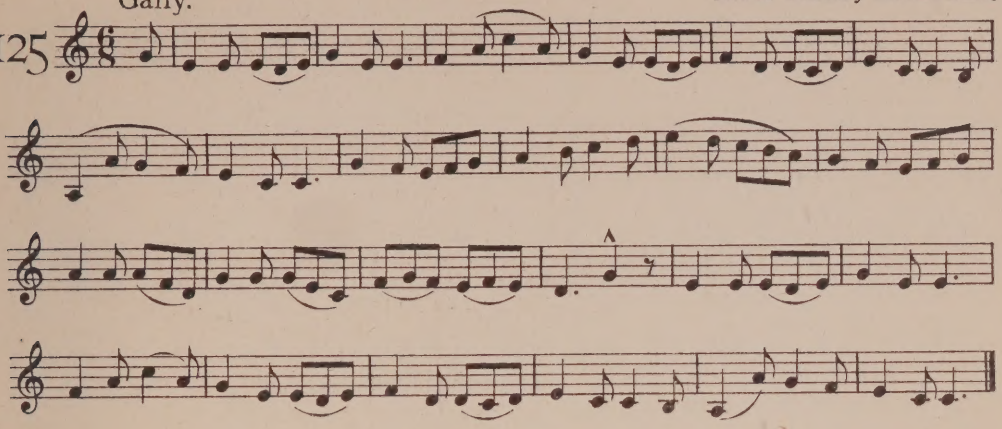
124



NEEDLES AND PINS, or I'm Ninety-five
Gaily.

North Country Morris Dance

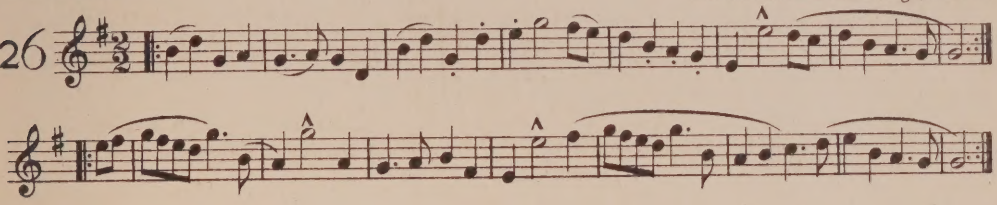
125



NEWCASTLE

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

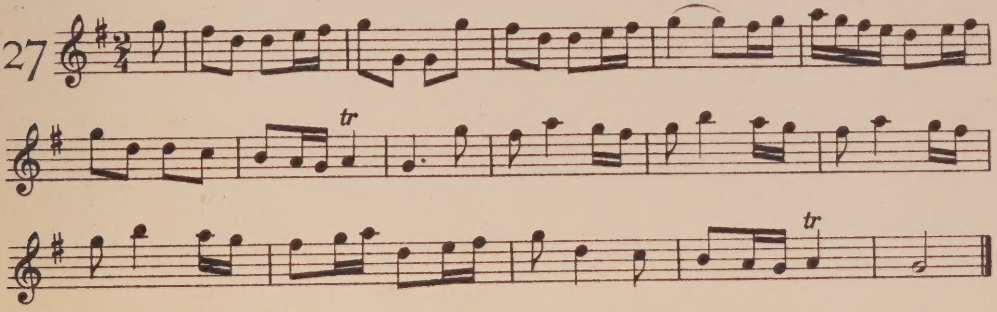
126



NOBODY'S JIG

Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, 1612

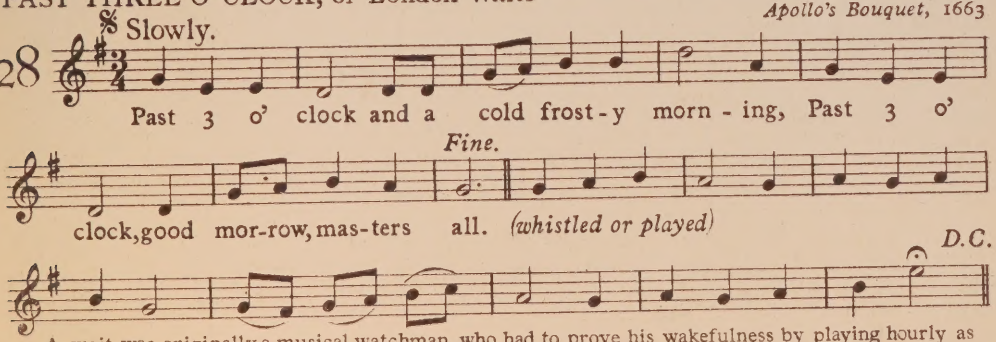
127



PAST THREE O'CLOCK, or London Waits

Apollo's Bouquet, 1663

128



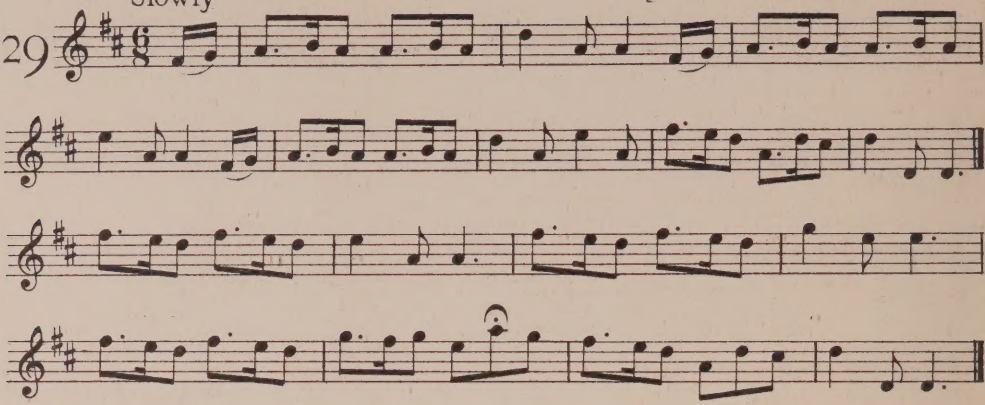
A wait was originally a musical watchman, who had to prove his wakefulness by playing hourly as he went his rounds. This is one of his tunes.

POOR ROBIN'S MAGGOT

Slowly

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

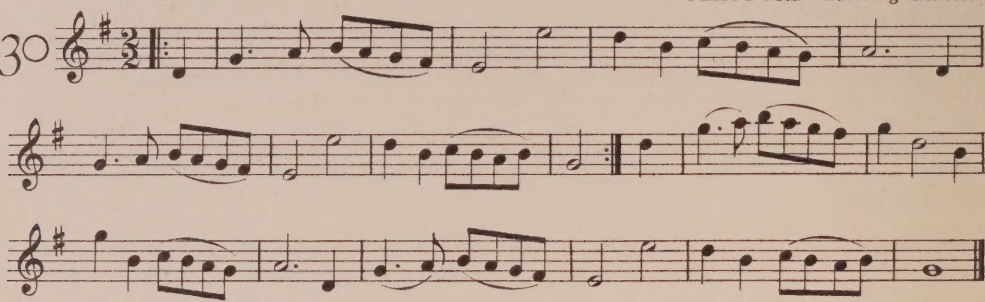
129



PORTSMOUTH

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

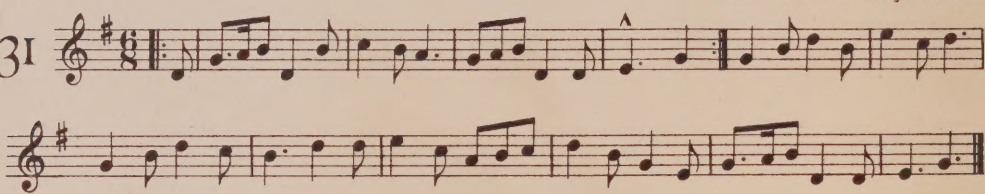
130



THE QUAKER'S WIFE

Traditional Country Dance

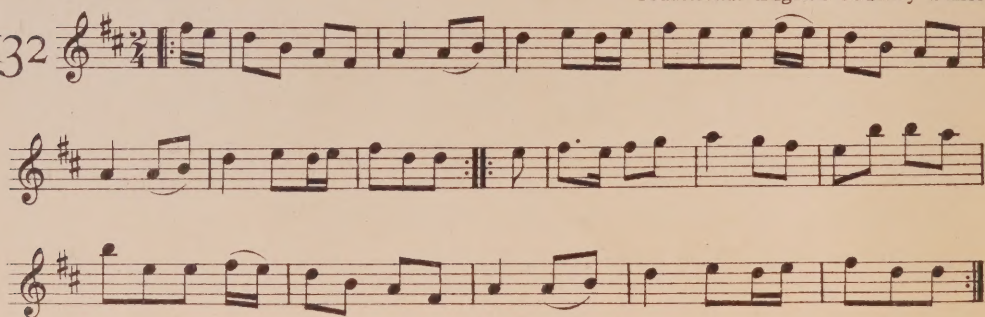
131



THE ROSE TREE

Traditional English Country Dance

132



RUFTY-TUFTY

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

133

St. PATRICK'S DAY

Gaily

Irish Jig

134

SIR ROGER de COVERLY

Traditional English Dance

135

TINK-A-TINK

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

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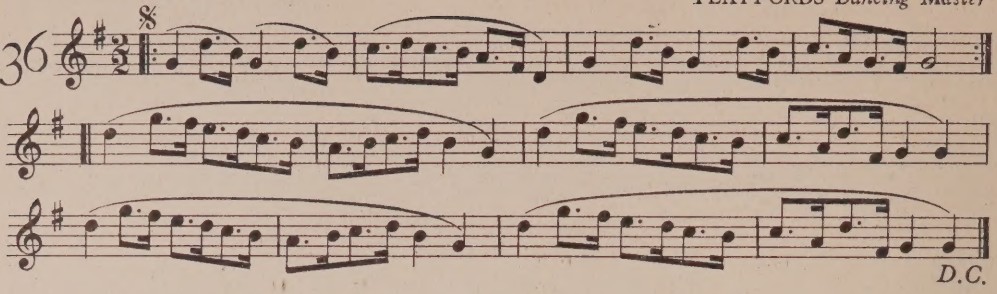

TOM'S JOY

Gaily.

Traditional Irish tune, collected by T. W.

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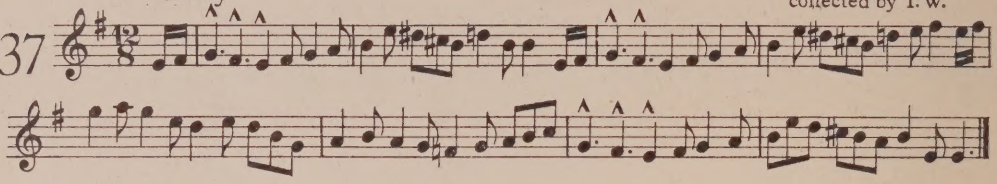

THE TWENTYNINTH OF MAY

PLAYFORD'S *Dancing Master*

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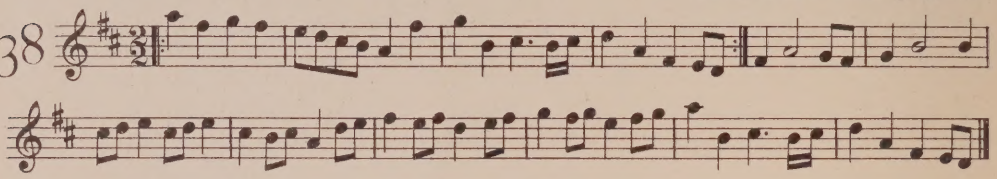
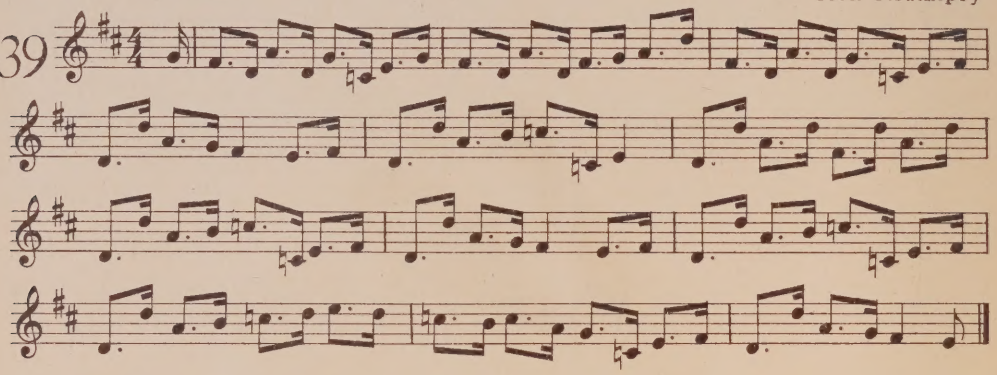


TULLOCHGORUM

Scots Strathspey

139



YOUTH'S THE SEASON MADE FOR JOYS, or The Cotillon.

The Beggar's Opera, 1728

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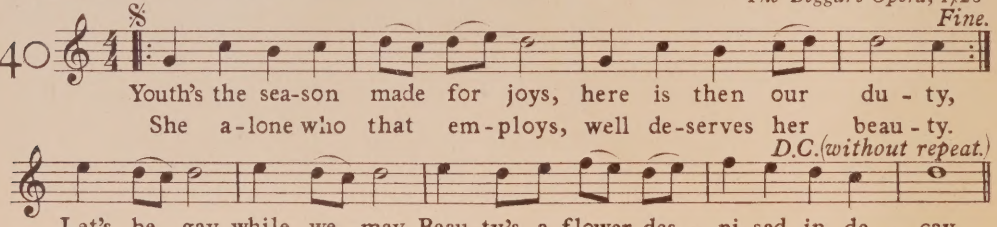

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